

CHICAGO FIELD

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Vol. XIII.—No. 20.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1880.

\$4.00 Per Year

A Winter's Cruise in Eastern and Southern Florida.— No. IV.

BY FRIAR TUCK.

After everything was perfected for our start via the saw-grass route, and we were at the "Tower" putting light marching traps aboard Armour's large skiff, the wind hauled to the westward and offered every inducement for a pleasant outside passage, but it was too late for a second change in our plans, and, with sundry uncomplimentary remarks concerning the clerk of the weather, we turned into Lake North creek and were soon engaged in exercise that would have put a professional oarsman to the blush.

The distance to the lake by way of the beach is twelve miles, but the "inside" passage more than doubles this, besides affording no opportunity for using the sail with which our boat was provided.

However, by two o'clock, we were at the "Haul-over," and five o'clock saw us at Capt. Moore's, near the head of the lake. Among the settlers and owners, at this "garden spot" of Florida, may be mentioned the Moores, Spencers, Dimmicks, Dye, Geer and Armour, all of whom have handsome properties and are largely engaged in growing bananas, pineapples, etc.

A rough estimate by Armour (who has a large plantation at the foot of the lake), places the total number of pines now planted and growing, at one hundred thousand, with a possible increase, during the ensuing year, to five hundred thousand. In addition to this, there are at least twenty thousand cocoa-nut trees distributed about the lake, all in thriving condition. Taken all together, Lake Worth stands unrivaled as a fruit-growing section, and bids fair to show wonderful results in the time to come. The natural beauties by which the lake is surrounded, are worthy of more extended notice than could be appropriately given in this rambling record of sport, but it is here I should like a realization of

"A villa in the South—a lake that laves
The marble terraces, whose orange trees
Shake dewy odors over silver waves,
Fanned by a languid breeze."

We found excellent shooting about the lake shore, as well as the interior country, and, while near Okeechobee, fell in with "Tiger Tail" and his immediate followers; this gave the boys an opportunity of seeing the most interesting portion of the handful of Seminoles who inhabit the "Big Cypress." Their love of "fire-water" is proverbial and unless plentifully supplied with the article, they remain uncommunicative; but give a "buck" whisky enough, and he would fill a volume with "bloody" lies and drunken boasting.

Their clothing consists of a shirt and breech-cloth, for the warriors, while the squaws wear a loose robe called, by courtesy, a dress, but failing to convey the idea of a modest street costume, and when on their "native heath" in the swamp, I am told a strong shadow is considered sufficient covering. *Quien sabe?*

To give all the incidents of our excursion here, would occupy too much time and space, but we returned to Camp "MOHAWK" well satisfied with the trip; determined another year, to more fully explore the interior country, and convinced that the sportsman who visits Eastern Florida, and fails to see Lake Worth, omits from his travels a most charming experience.

One Sunday, after our return, "Admiral" Dye, the "Deacon" and myself, finding ourselves in a venturesome humor, took Armour's skiff—a boat twelve feet in length—and, the water being smooth, started to row over the bar—a hazardous proceeding with so small a craft. Fairly in the breakers, we were struck by a wave, which knocked the "Admiral's" oar from his hand, and, lifting the boat's stern far out of the water, prevented my using the rudder to any purpose. By good luck, rather than skill, we were enabled to get in smooth water, outside the line of breakers, with no more damage than a boat half full of water and a good shower-bath.

Freeing the boat from her moist ballast, we rowed to the southward about three miles—the ocean as smooth as a mill-pond—and then paddled leisurely back to the inlet.

To our consternation, we found a strong ebb tide running, with considerably more sea on the bar, than when we went out.

How to get in, was now the question. Shoes and superfluous clothing were removed and lashed under the thwart; then everything being in readiness, the "Deacon" and "Dye" resumed their oars, and I undertook to pilot the boat safely (I) over.

The number of times we started, and were forced to "back out" again, I could not give, but it was certainly the hardest hour's work either of the rowers had done for many a day. Only by the rarest good luck did we succeed in making still water and a dozen times were we prepared to beach the boat or swim ashore; the latter alternative being by no means an attractive matter, inasmuch as there were "dorsals" fine cutting the water on all sides and the "tender mercies" of a gray shark have never yet been sung.

I had capsize once before under similar circumstances, and retained a vivid recollection of the feeling of horror with which every nerve tingled, while reckoning the chances of getting ashore sans the loss of an arm or leg. The unanimity with which we decided never to venture again was amusing.

Notwithstanding our reluctance to leave Jupiter, and the many pleasant associations by which we were there surrounded, the time came when other portions of the Winter's programme had to be considered, and a day was fixed upon for departure. It came all too quickly, and after passing the last night with Armour at the "Light," and listening to a farewell sermon and hymn by "Brother" Spencer, we started next morning for the headwaters of the St. Lucie.

Our course for some distance lay over the same water already described, and stopping only at Couch Bar for a supply of oysters, by two o'clock of the first day we were safely past the Narrows, and at four o'clock were anchored off "House of Refuge No. 2," opposite the mouth of the St. Lucie river.

That night we camped in the station, and early next morning started for the South Prong of the St. Lucie.

Being again in fresh water the black bass fishing afforded sport during the long day of sailing necessary to reach our first camp.

We sailed steadily for ten hours before a stiff south-east wind, and at dark were fairly settled in camp at the head of navigation.

Our *entree* here was marked by an incident which, at one time, bade fair to be of a serious nature. After pitching our tents and arranging our sleeping "apartments," I ignited the dry grass to leeward for the purpose of clearing a space to be used as kitchen, etc. Everything being dry the fire raged with great fury. While we were admiring the sight the wind suddenly veered around, and it required our utmost efforts to save the entire camp from destruction.

We cut small pines and fought the element, until a second change of wind, this time in our favor, put us on the safe side; but for two nights the fire burned within sight of camp, and the view, when darkness set in, was grand and terrific. Entire trees, from trunk to topmost branch, were wrapped in a sheet of flame. The progress of the conflagration was stayed only on reaching the Alapatooke river.

The first day here, Charles shot two turkeys, and the "Deacon," and myself each added a deer to our already well-stocked larder. Every morning and evening we could hear turkeys gobbling in the adjacent hummock, and fresh deer signs were always to be seen within fifty-yards of camp.

Several manatee were seen while trolling for bass in the main stream, but disappeared so quickly that we were unable to get a killing shot, until one morning a big fellow was observed within a few yards of the shore. By dint of crawling through grass and mud, we obtained a position which enabled us to shoot with deadly effect. The waters were dyed with a crimson flood, and lashed into foam by the struggles of the frantic beast, but owing to deep water all attempts at securing the body were futile, and our only opportunity of examining the manatee was when the body floated ashore several days after, and then "distance lent enchantment to the view."

Our tramps through the country lying between this place and the Kissimmee, showed us a level surface of piny woods and prairie with occasional hummocks. It is rarely visited, save by the "cow boys" and Indians.

The deer were apparently no more afraid of man or the report of a gun than tame cattle in a northern meadow. English snipes were found in great numbers, and Charles, who developed a state of ecstasy every time *Wilsoni* were mentioned, had every opportunity to become satiated with that sort of shooting. His enthusiasm, however, received a shock from which a thorough recovery was never had.

While out, perhaps, a half mile from the river, all being in company, he (Charles) having captured a large soft-shelled turtle (considered quite a delicacy) concluded to return with his prize to camp. I pointed out the direction, and then with the "Deacon," continued on in search of venison. After tramping for some time we shot two yearling bucks, and having hung them in a tree, went still further away after a big 'gator we heard bellowing in a "swamp hole" to the westward. The distance and trouble of "toting" meat delayed our return to camp until a late hour in the afternoon, and on reaching there we learned, much to our astonishment, that Charles had not yet made his appearance. As it was early in the day when he left us and the distance to camp was not more than a mile at most, his absence created a feeling of uneasiness, particularly as he had not at any time prior to this been out of sight of camp unless in company with others.

Happening, shortly before sunset, to look down the river, I descried a solitary figure wading from a point about a mile away, (one mile by air line, and three by any feasible route) and when a short distance in the river there was a puff of smoke, and presently a faint report reached our ears, we at once recognized the fact that this wader was our lost babe, and quickly fired two shots in response.

The figure then retired from the water, disappearing from view behind the mangroves and we saw it no more that night.

Dinner was served, and, as the curtain of night began to fall, we built a fire that must have been visible for ten miles down the river and, at intervals, discharged a shot. Occasionally, one could be heard, as we supposed, in reply, but still there was no evidence of the sound growing nearer. To attempt a search through the pine woods and creek hummocks at night, was folly, particularly as we knew he was unarmed, and nothing serious could attach to a night's sleeping on the ground.

At ten o'clock we turned in, and undisturbed slept till day-break, when we started to look for turkeys.

We did not return to camp until after nine o'clock—having chased a wounded doe for several miles, and then the would-be explorer had found himself.

A cemetery on a wet day is a pleasant sight compared with the face he wore. He could not speak above a whisper, and, according to his own account, had passed the night in a mangrove tree, howling for help, and shooting until his cartridges were all exhausted, in the hope that we would come in search of him.

He acknowledged being able to see the camp fire, and distinguish figures moving about, but, having a narrow creek to cross, he was afraid of alligators. How he got lost, he was unable to state; it resulted in nothing more serious, however, than a good laugh at his expense, and getting lost in the flat woods is, to one unaccustomed to the country, and unskilled in woodcraft, the easiest thing imaginable.

Sport in this vicinity was exceptionally good, and, had we not been desirous of visiting the country about St. John's prairie and Lake Washington, we should have prolonged the stay here indefinitely; as it was, however, we broke camp soon after "The Active's" performance of "babe(s) in the woods," and made sail for Eau Gallie. We experienced tedious work beating down the St. Lucie, but when fairly on Indian river, the wind blew half a gale from the south-east, and, double-reefed with peak dropped, we had all the "Jane" could stagger under. Fort Pierce was reached the next day, and, the gale increasing I found it impossible to proceed further that night.

The following morning, we again attempted to start, but, on reaching St. Lucie—having stopped for our mail—the gale redoubling in violence, there was nothing for it, but to content ourselves, as best we might, until the advent of more favorable weather. We accordingly began preparations for camping, but

being roughly ordered by Paine *pere*, to camp nowhere within five hundred yards of his premises, the "Jane" was anchored half a mile further up the shore. He (Paine) claimed fear of fire as a reason for this exhibition of churlishness, but in good truth, the "reason" for so much consideration originated in our not availing ourselves of his boarding-house facilities, instead of making an independent camp. They have but little use at this place for the sportsman who brings his own camping outfit. Unfortunately, the post-office being located here, one must stop here if his mail has been forwarded. Were it otherwise, I fancy calls would be "short and far between." *Verbum sap.*

I had noticed that oftentimes during the early hours of the morning, the wind remained moderate: and, desiring to take advantage of this, we were ready for a start shortly after sun-up the succeeding morning. For two hours our progress was slow enough, but on reaching a point where the channel became intricate, the wind, heretofore light from the westward, hauled to its old quarter, the south-east, and soon blew great guns.

We got through the "Narrows" safely, however, and, by four o'clock, were snugly at anchor in the St. Sebastian river. Camp was made on a shell bluff a short distance up the north bank, and on the same spot where a certain "combination" writer experienced an earthquake, and where a member of his party "snored so loud that Strobhar, who is hard of hearing, thought it was a bull 'gator bellowing,"—where, "around the blazing camp fire of pine logs," etc. Although where the pine logs came from is a mystery, unless Strobhar "hailed" them there from the flat-woods. Perhaps, like the "Hero" on a lee-shore, the expression was for effect only. I had camped at this same place two years before, and experienced some difficulty in getting good water; this time, however, I apprehended no difficulty on that score—the Deacon's presence was sufficient guaranty that water would be at hand when wanted. By what process of witchcraft he attained such unvarying results, I know not, but the fact remains, that he could always find it, when others failed.

According to the old saw, "familiarity breeds contempt," and possibly this may explain why, when I looked for water, it refused to be found, while the Deacon, being on a less intimate footing with that sort of liquid, had the charm of novelty, and was consequently more attractive;—this is simply conjecture, however, and should not be mistaken for fact.

I hold him in too high esteem to make any statement reflecting on his "blue-ribbon" principles, and am conscious only of a feeling of gratitude for his kindness in using, for mutual benefit, the "water-power" with which nature had gifted him.

We remained on the St. Sebastian for two days, and then ran to Eau Gallie; this being our point of departure for the head waters of the St. John's, the boat's cargo was landed, our surplus baggage and plunder stowed in Strobhar's house, and the boat safely harbored in Elbow creek.

We remained with Strobhar during the time my guide, Landar Underhill, was engaged in getting his cart, oxen, and our ponies in readiness for a start.

Just here, let me pause a moment to say that parties intending to do Indian river and desiring the services of an excellent boatman, will do well to secure this same Frank Strobhar; he has a good boat, perfect knowledge of the river, and is most obliging and good natured.

There is one other party, also, worthy of commendation, he has the best outfit for water travel to be found at Titusville; is a good cook, and his boats are models of comfort and cleanliness—I allude to Charlie Carlin. Either of these men can show the tourist good shooting and fishing.

I must add, however, that, in my experience, the more comfortable and sportsmanlike way (if possessing the necessary knowledge) is to have one's own boat and a *servant*; this makes the hunter entirely independent, and avoids those peculiar questions which often disturb the harmony of camp life, where the employer and *employee* stand on what is often an unpleasant "level." My meaning will be clear, at least to brother sportsmen who have experienced the difficulty in question.

Underhill at last announced himself and vehicle, as awaiting our pleasure.

Stores, camp equipage and ammunition were securely packed in the cart, and a small skiff, light and strong, which I had procured was fastened, bottom up, on the cart body, and intended for use on the creeks and streams of the interior. This boat was an indispensable article of furniture when engaged in search of plumes and specimens of birds.

All being in readiness, "Darby" and "Bill," the oxen, were yoked up and amid volleys of "Gee," "Haw," and "Whoo," mingled with strong adjectives and personal pronouns, we once more moved out on the war path, i. e., in this case, the trail to St. John's prairie.

A Sportsman's Paradise.

GRAND LAKE, COL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Here in this part of Colorado (Middle Park) is to be found a very "sportsman's paradise." Elks, deer, bears, antelopes, and many kinds of smaller game are quite plentiful. Trout are to be found in all the streams in great abundance. Elk meat and venison are at present the only obtainable meat to be had, except of course the salt bacon brought in last Fall. At every house on my way to this section I was fed upon elk in lieu of beef or other meat. This to me was quite a surprise, coming as I did only a distance of fifty miles, where everything that goes to make up an ordinary mining camp was quite commonplace—no game, no fish, no nothing that sportsmen love, naught but the craze and rush after mines and mining, but here all was changed. The lake, with its millions of mountain trout, the little parks and silent wooded glens, with deer and elk trails leading through them, where the veriest novice can secure the stately prize if he exercise a little patience and is a good shot, for the game is there. At this season, both elks and deer are scattered and do not herd again until Fall, when lawful shooting begins, and then it is that these little parks are so fatal to them, for the skilled elk hunter conceals himself in some nook and not infrequently kills half a herd at a stand. Living with me now in this cabin is a man who last Fall killed

GORDON LAND.

Fixtures

RUNNING MEETINGS

Jerome Park.....	May 31 to June 12	Detroit, Mich.....	July 6 to 9
Chicago, Ill. 1st Meet- ing.....	June 19 to 26	Saratoga, N. Y., 1st Meeting.....	July 17 to 31
Chillicothe.....	June —	Uniontown, Pa.....	July —
Leadville, Col.....	June 29 to July 3	Sterling, Ill.....	Aug. 10 to 13
Coney Island.....	June 19 to Sept. 1	Sullivan, Ill.....	Aug. 10 to 13
Chicago, Ill., 2d Meet- ing.....	June 30 to July 5	Saratoga, N. Y., 2d Meeting.....	Aug. 5 to Sept. 1
Columbus, O.....	July 1 to 5	Oakland, Cal.....	Sept. —
Long Branch, N. J.....	July 3 to 10	Helena, Montana.....	Sept. 6 to 11
San Francisco, Cal.....	July 2 to 5		

TROTTING MEETINGS.

TROTTLING MEETINGS.			
Akron, O.	June 20 to 22	Sullivan, Ill.	Aug. 10 to 13
Geneva, N. Y.	June 22 to 25	Mendota, Ill.	Aug. 10 to 13
Toledo, O.	June 22 to 25	Tiskilwa, Ill.	Aug. 11 to 14
Iona, Mich.	June 22 to 25	Barlville, Ill.	Aug. 18 to 21
Columbus, O.	June 29 to July 2	Bushnell, Ill.	Aug. 23 to 26
Leadville, Col.	June 29 to July 3	Macomb, Ill.	Aug. 23 to 27
Grand Rapids, Mich.	June 29 to July 2	Milwaukee, Wis.	Aug. 24 to 27
		Lincoln, Ill.	Aug. 24 to 28
Yorkshire, N. Y.	July 1 to 3	Cleveland, O.	Aug. 30 to Sept. 3
Youngstown, O.	July 1 to 4	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Sept. 6 to 10
Macomb, Ill.	July 4	Batavia, N. Y.	Sept. 7 to 10
Fort Wayne, Ind.	July 5 to 8	Quincy, Ill.	Sept. 7 to 11
Cincinnati, O.	July 5 to 9	Chicago	Sept. 13 to 18
Chicago, Ill.	July 20 to 24	Toledo, O.	Sept. 13 to 18
La Salle, Ill.	July 27 to 30	Dubuque, Ia.	Sept. 15 to 18
Chicago, Ill.	July 27 to 30	Kansas City, Mo.	Sept. 20 to 25
Cleveland, O.	July 27 to 30	Middletown, Del.	Sept. 21 to 24
Buffalo, N. Y.	Aug. 3 to 6	Dover, Del.	Sept. 27 to Oct. 2
Prophetstown, Ill.	Aug. 4 to 7		
Sterling, Ill.	Aug. 10 to 13		

The Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club Summer Racing Meeting.

The closing event of the day was the Downer & Bemis' Brewing Company Stake, for all ages; \$50 entrance, with \$700 added. One mile a quarter. Fortuna, Victim, Beatitude, Ada Glenn, Florence B., M. Hardaway, Athelstone, and Verdict, started. After a brilliant and Beatitude won, Victim was second, Fortuna, third. Time, 2:09 1/2.

The largest attendance thus far of the meeting, was on the third of June 23, it having been estimated that 8,000 persons were present. The drawing race of the day was for the Garden City Cup. They who attended were amply repaid, for a better or closer contest was never witnessed.

A detailed report of the meeting will appear in our next issue.

St. Louis Jockey Club Spring Meeting.

The meeting wound up with a consolation purse \$250 for horses that have run and not won during the meeting, with allowances; one mile and an eighth. Seven faced the starter, viz., Mollie Hart, Mamie R. Babee, Krupp Gun, Alice Bruce, General Phillips and Long Time. The pools Long Time was the favorite, selling \$370; Krupp Gun, \$140; General Phillips, \$80; Mamie R, \$30; field, \$80. They were sent away to a good start, Long Time having the best of it. Babee second, Mamie R third, followed by Mollie Hart, General Phillips, Krupp Gun and Alice Bruce in the order named. At the stand Mamie R had her head in front of Long Time, second, Babee, third. They ran in this order to the quarter-pole, when Mollie Hart took second place, Krupp Gun third. At the half-mile Krupp Gun was a neck in front of Long Time second, General Phillips third. Long Time shook Krupp Gun off at the turn. Entering the stretch Long Time, Krupp Gun and Phillips were side and side. Phillips finally won by two lengths, Long Time second, Krupp Gun third, followed by Alice Bruce, Mamie R, Babee and Mollie Hart in the order given. The mile was made in 1:43½ and the race in 1:56½.

FISH HATCHING AND FISH CATCHING.—By Seth Green and Robert L. Roosevelt. A complete and thorough work on fish culture in all its branches, describing all the kinds of fish that have been hatched and raised artificially, and explaining the process in a perfectly practical way. It contains the results of the experience of its authors during many years of investigation and practice, and is the most exhaustive and reliable work on the subject ever printed. No one interested in fish, frog, and lobster culture, can afford to be without it. It also contains full directions for casting the fly for salmon and trout, for tying flies, for preparing and selecting tackle, and for catching all species of fish, and it offers many valuable hints and suggestions to the fisherman, acquired by the authors in long and successful experience. See page 13. Mortimer street, Rochester, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNEL.

SUBSCRIBER, Carlisle, Pa.—May I again trouble you for advice? I have a red Irish setter dog, whom I would be sorry to lose. He has been breaking out of small pimples, which after a day or so come to a head and break out from his chin down his chest to his belly. I thought it was certainly mange. I have used two bottles of Mange Cure and applied it well, but the liniment only stopped irritation for a day or two, when it again covered his chest. There is irritation except in the white hair. Rinses slightly at the eyes, a little good. I have given him one drop of Fowler's solution of arsenic evening and morning, but too generally fed, and if I may ask a surgeon, as he has advised me how to act. I have a pointer who was bit by a snake about another dog and the wounds healed but are entirely full of hair. Can I do anything for him? Your last advice was invaluable. Ans.—It is probably surfeit, although it usually comes first upon the neck near the tail. Give him a purgative of jalap one drachm, calomel three grains, syrup to mix, give as one dose; if it does not open strongly repeat it after two days. Feed lightly for some time, be careful not to overfeed at any time, particularly during hot weather. Feed on soup, vegetables, etc.; not much meat. Wash the pimples with carbolic soap and water and bathe them afterwards with a saturated solution of boracic acid morning and night; discontinue the arsenic on the bare spots on the pointer are thick, acrid and scabby, rub well once a day with lard.

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need.

GAME AND SHOOTING.

J. F. C. Lyons, Ia.—Please give me the name and address of your Minnesota correspondent, Lynx. Reason, I wish to correspond with him in regard to making my home there—hoping to benefit my wife's health. Ans.—Capt. C. D. C. Williams, Perham, Otter Tail Co., Minn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. H. E., Woburn, Mass.—The *Nautical Gazette* is published at No. 13 and 15 Park Row, New York; Boston branch office, 53 Devonshire street, room 1. Fred Hunkley, manager.

Trap Shooting.

Toledo, Ohio, Pigeon Tournament, June 29th, 30th, July 1st, and 2d.
New Jersey State Sportmen's Association Tournament, Newark, N. J., July 29, 30, July 1, and 2.

Seventh Annual Picnic of the Montgomery Shooting Club.

MONTGOMERY, ALA

score with knife and fork, than he did at Louisville with a gun.				
First Match.—Ten single birds, 25 yards rise; \$5 entrance.				
S. T. Pollard.	11111	11111-10	W. K. Jones.	11111 11111-
C. T. Westcott	11111	11111-10	J. G. Thomas	11001 11111-
D. Ledyard	11110	11111-9	L. Wells	11111 11111-
W. D. Taylor	01011	11100-6	W. L. Hutchings	10101 01001-
Ely Barnes	00111	11111-8	John Crommelin	10011 11111-
J. V. Rowland	11111	11111-10	W. H. Reaves	10010 10110-
C. Spear	10011	11110-7	H. Crommelin	11111 11111-
W. B. Jones	11111	11011-9	W. C. E. y. Jr	11111 10111-
H. B. Metcalf	10111	01111-8	E. U. Davidson	11111 10111-
E. S. McCurdy	00111	01101-8	T. C. Randolph	11111 11111-

E. S. McCurdy	0001 0110	T. C. Randolph	
Ties on 10, 50 yards, miles and out.			
Pollard	111111-8	Wells	111111
Westcott	10	Crommelin	10
Rowland	1110	Randolph	110
Jones	110		

Pollard and Wells divided; ties of 9 and 8 divided.

Second Match—Six single birds, 25 yards rise, \$3 entrance.

C. Spear.....	111000-3	T. E. Harmon.....	111001-4
W. B. Jones.....	111111-6	W. Hill.....	111111-5
D. Ledyard.....	111011-6	E. W. Rives.....	000000-0
T. B. Wilkinson.....	111111-6	T. Foster.....	111011-4
W. D. Taylor.....	111011-5	W. J. Dickerson.....	111011-5
P. MacIn.....	111111-6	J. W. Rogers.....	001111-4
M. A. Westcott.....	111011-4	Wm. Montgomery.....	111011-4
W. H. Reaves.....	101100-3	H. C. Davidson.....	111101-5
G. Rives.....	101011-4	W. K. Jones.....	010111-4
W. C. Ray, Jr.....	101111-5	R. Halls.....	111111-6
H. B. Metcalf.....	101101-4	H. Crommelin.....	111011-5
J. Crommelin.....	111111-6	W. McGhee.....	111111-6
P. Gordon.....	011111-5	W. Leffer.....	101111-5
E. H. Smith.....	101111-5	T. Hamilton.....	111011-5
W. L. Hutchings.....	101111-5	T. Grover.....	010011-3
J. Taylor.....	100111-4	C. P. Kennedy.....	111011-5
W. H. Barnes.....	111101-5	M. P. Bass.....	101011-4
J. V. Rowland.....	111111-6	J. Thomas.....	001111-4
C. Robinson.....	010111-4	A. De Bardeben.....	111011-5
G. Judkins.....	111111-6	T. W. Oliver.....	111111-6

First miss and out, 30 yards.

Jones.....	1	Judkins.....	0
Mastin.....	0	Halls.....	1
J. Crommelin.....	0	McGhee.....	1
Rowland.....	0	Oliver.....	1

Jones, Halls, McGhee, and Oliver divided.

Ledyard.....	10	Hill.....	1110
Wilkinson.....	10	Davidson.....	111110
Taylor.....	1110	Dickerson.....	11110
Ray.....	0	Crommelin.....	11110
Gordon.....	111111-6	Leffer.....	111110
Smith.....	110	Hamilton.....	0
Hutchings.....	0	Kennedy.....	11110
Barnes.....	110	De Bardeben.....	110

Gordon won prize.

Ties of 4, 30 yards, miss and out.		Foster.....	1110
Westcott.....	0	Rogers.....	11110
Reaves.....	0	Montgomery.....	11111-6
Metcalf.....	11110	Jones.....	0
Taylor.....	10	Bass.....	10
Robinson.....	111111-6	Thomas.....	110
Harmon.....	110		

Robinson and Montgomery divided. A few other matches were shot, but as they were of minor importance, I do not report them. The shooting was done in the sun, thermometer marking 96°, and a good many shot quickly so as to run back to the ice water and shade.

Ask for Paine's patent filled glass ball. Use no other.—(Adv.)

Trap at Georgetown, Ky.

LEXINGTON, KY.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—On May 25 the Georgetown Shooting Club, of Georgetown, Ky., met in the beautiful woodland pasture of Dr. Herndon, near that place, to hold a glass ball shoot. It having been decided that the vice presidents, Messrs. Wm. Offutt and Jno. C. Payne should choose up the sides were arranged and the following score was made, at 10 balls each, from a Card rotary trap.

Offutt's Side.		Payne's Side.	
Wm. Offutt.....	01011 1101-7	J. C. Payne.....	10100 1110-6
H. Peter.....	11110 1010-7	A. Peter.....	11110 1110-8
W. Z. Thompson.....	01111 1010-7	R. Payne.....	11111 1111-10
J. Briscoe.....	11111 1111-10	L. Herndon.....	00011 1011-6
T. Herndon.....	01010 1011-6	L. Tarlton.....	01111 1011-8
J. Carrick.....	01111 1010-7	J. W. Harp.....	01011 0011-6
Ben Peak.....	11101 1010-6	R. Thompson.....	10001 0100-3
R. Ware.....	00001 0100-3	J. Hall.....	01100 0100-4
M. Burch.....	00010 0101-4		10011 00010-4

Total.....57 Total.....65

At the close of this match a cessation of hostilities was called, and all present adjourned to an old-fashioned Kentucky "Burgoo," which had been prepared under the auspices of the committee, Messrs. R. Payne, L. Herndon and Ben Peak, and to which ample justice was done. The shooters then returned to the traps and as the sides were so evenly matched they continued to fight each other with the change of a man now and then, but with a uniform result, Mr. Offutt's side being victorious.

Match No. 2, 5 balls.		Payne's Side.	
Offutt's Side.		J. C. Payne.....	11000-2
H. Peter.....	11011-4	A. Peter.....	11101-4
W. Z. Thompson.....	01011-3	R. Payne.....	11110-4
J. Briscoe.....	11111-5	L. Herndon.....	10100-2
T. Herndon.....	00101-2	L. Tarlton.....	01111-4
J. Carrick.....	11111-5	J. W. Harp.....	01110-3
Ben Peak.....	11011-4	R. Thompson.....	01111-4
R. Ware.....	01011-3	J. Hall.....	01000-1
M. Burch.....	01100-2	N. R. Smith.....	01100-2

Total.....30 Total.....36

Match No. 3, 5 balls.		Payne's Side.	
Offutt's Side.		J. C. Payne.....	10111-4
Ike Smith.....	11101-4	A. Peter.....	11111-5
W. Z. Thompson.....	01001-1	R. Payne.....	11111-4
J. Briscoe.....	11111-5	L. Herndon.....	11111-5
T. Herndon.....	10011-3	L. Tarlton.....	01111-4
J. Carrick.....	10011-3	Harp.....	01101-3
Peak.....	11011-4	R. Thompson.....	10010-2
Ware.....	11001-3	Hall.....	00000-0
Burch.....	01011-3	N. R. Smith.....	00110-2

Total.....30 Total.....38

Match No. 4, 5 balls.		Payne's Side.	
Offutt's Side.		J. C. Payne.....	01110-3
H. Peter.....	11111-5	A. Peter.....	11101-4
W. Z. Thompson.....	11111-5	R. Payne.....	11111-4
J. Briscoe.....	11111-5	L. Herndon.....	11111-5
T. Herndon.....	10011-3	L. Tarlton.....	00011-2
J. Carrick.....	10111-4	Harp.....	00100-1
Peak.....	00100-1	R. Thompson.....	10000-1
Ware.....	11011-4	Hall.....	00100-1
Burch.....	00101-2	N. R. Smith.....	11001-3

Total.....31 Total.....34

Match No. 5, 2 pair double balls.		Payne's Side.	
Offutt's Side.		J. C. Payne.....	11 11-4
Offutt.....	10 10-2	A. Peter.....	11 10-3
W. Carrick.....	10 11-3	R. Payne.....	01 11-3
Chas. Mills.....	10 11-3	L. Herndon.....	11 11-4
J. Briscoe.....	10 11-3	L. Tarlton.....	10 11-3
T. Herndon.....	11 01-3	Harp.....	00 01-1
J. Carrick, Jr.....	11 01-3	R. Thompson.....	00 11-2
Peak.....	01 01-2	Hall.....	01 00-1
Ware.....	11 11-4	Jno. Carrick, Sr.....	10 00-1
Burch.....	11 00-2		

Total.....26 Total.....22

We tried a sample of the smoke balls furnished by the Smoke Target Ball Co., and they gave general satisfaction. This seemed to be an off day with some of our good shots, so we can't brag much on our scores, although Mr. Briscoe's shooting could hardly be improved upon, as he missed but once during the whole day. Considering this is our first shoot and a great many of the members never shot from a rotary trap, I think we did well enough.

THERE is only one glass ball—Paine's feather-filled.—(Adv.)

FALLS CITY, NEB.—Editor Chicago Field:—We, of the West, are so addicted to shooting as well as those of the East, although we make no great display of our shooting qualifications. On the 17th of this month a match between the Hawaika, Kan., and Falls City clubs came off at this place, resulting in favor of the latter by one bird. This decided the question that has been agitating the minds of the two clubs for a long time, namely: "Which club contained the best shooter?" The day was very windy (a "gentle" Nebraska zephyr, you know) and a due allowance must be made in the score. On account of some misunderstanding but five birds each were shot.

Hawaika.		Falls City.	
Richardson.....	10111-4	Harris.....	11011-4
Hall.....	11110-4	Hunter.....	11110-4
Biles.....	11110-4	Brainin.....	11111-6
Zimmerman.....	01110-8	Stimster.....	01110-3
Miller.....	11111-6	Bell.....	10111-4
McCord.....	11110-4	Davis.....	10111-4
Hair.....	01110-4	Powell.....	11111-6

Total.....26 Total.....29

Trap at Sac City.

SAC CITY, CAL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Sunday, May 23d, the Eureka Social Club of Sacramento, held their annual picnic at Natoma Grove, near Folsom. The occasion drew forth a goodly number of glass ball shooters, the Club having very generously given \$40 to be divided into a suitable number of prizes for a match at that kind of sport. The match was at 25 balls for each man, shot from a Card trap. The rotary motion was done away with, and the trap was used as a stationary one, and a diagram showing 16 different angles, was placed upon the trap, and after each man had shot once, the arm of the trap was moved to another angle, and so on until the match was completed. This effectually did away with the element of chance usual at the rotary trap, and though it was favored by some and opposed by others, one fact remains evident, no man could truthfully say that his opponent was in any manner favored with easier shots than himself.

SCORE.		SCORE.	
H. Gerber.....	11011 01101 00111 10100 10111-16	Young.....	00001 11101 11111 10101 01111-17
Keegan.....	01000 00001 00101 00100 11000-8	Keegan.....	10011 11111 11111 11011 11111-21
Kane.....	01011 00111 01000 10101 11111-16	Hotz.....	10110 01111 11011 11100 11110-18
Kunz.....	10110 01111 11011 11100 11110-18	Hopper.....	10111 11001 01010 10011 10101-15
Verity.....	10011 01011 11111 11111 11011-20	Verity.....	10110 01111 11111 10111 11111-21
Todd.....	10111 01111 11111 10111 11111-21	Mauldin.....	00101 01111 11111 10111 11111-19
Miller.....	10110 00111 11011 11101 11011-18	Kimber.....	00001 01010 11110 10111 11111-16
Deathorn.....	00001 01010 11110 10111 11111-16	Toole.....	11111 10111 11010 10111 11111-21
Flohr.....	01001 00010 11111 01111 10111-16	Zuwer.....	11001 11011 11111 11111 11111-22
Parrott.....	11011 11111 11111 11111 11111-22	Sheldon.....	11011 11111 11111 11111 11111-24
Zoller.....	11011 11111 11111 11111 11111-24	Kilgariff.....	11010 01000 11111 11111 00011-16
Chapman.....	01111 11111 11111 01011 11111-22	Chapman.....	01111 11111 11111 11111 11111-22
Routier.....	01011 11111 11111 11111 11111-22	Beedee.....	11110 11111 11111 11111 11111-23
Benson.....	00111 01111 11111 11011 11010-19	Benson.....	10000 01011 11101 11001 11111-19
Ankener.....	10000 01011 11101 11001 11111-19	Shepler.....	10000 11111 11101 11011 11111-19
Riddle.....	11000 11101 11111 11001 11011-18		

Parrott took first money, \$14; Beedee, second money, \$10; Routier Chapman and Zuwer tieing for third, fourth and fifth monies, shot off at 5 pairs balls, Chapman breaking all, took third money, \$9; Routier and Zuwer, broke 9 each, and shot off at 5 more pairs, Routier breaking all, Zuwer 9. Routier took fourth money, \$8; Zuwer, fifth money, \$7. Toole, Todd and Kane tied for sixth, seventh and eighth monies; the sixth money, \$6, was given to Master Toole in courteous consideration of the remarkable coolness and deliberation he displayed at the trap, as well as for his skillful marksmanship. Master Toole is but a child yet, not 15 years old, and scarcely larger than the gun he shot, yet his bearing and skill were worthy of a veteran. Mr. Todd made a very happy remark in giving the boy his prize, referring to him as the "stone which the builders had rejected, but which had become the corner stone," telling him this was one of the bright sunny spots in his young life to be looked back to with pleasure in the future. Mr. Todd also, in behalf of the glass ball fraternity, thanked the Eureka for their generous liberality and hoped to meet again another year. J. M. Hottz.

ONE MILLION Paine's feather-filled glass balls sold last year.—(Adv.)

Trap at Oil City.

OIL CITY, PA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The United Gun Club of Oil City had a team shoot with the sportsmen of Franklin at the Driving Park in South Oil City. Following is the score made.

We used the Smoke target balls, manufactured by the Titusville Smoke Target Ball Co., Pa. We think them far superior to any glass balls we have ever used, as it is not so hard for the referee to decide on the broken balls, for all balls explode in the air when hit.		SCORE.	
Fry.....	11011 10111-8	Clark.....	11111 11111-10
Elliott.....	01010 10101-6	R. G. Lambertson.....	11111 10111-9
Waterson.....	11111 11111-10	Kennedy.....	00111 10101-7
De Arment.....	10111 10111-8	Seth.....	11111 01111-9
Lamberton.....	11100 10101-6	Abbott.....	11111 10111-9
Boardman.....	10111 10111-8	Miller.....	01001 10000-3
Hindman.....	11111 11111-10	Calbertson.....	10111 11111-9
Grasser.....	01001 10101-6	Higgins.....	10111 11111-9
W. Boardman.....	11101 11110-8	May.....	11111 01111-9
Jones.....	11101 11111-10	Vincent.....	10010 11111-7

First prize was won by E. C. Clark, breaking 18 straight; second was won by Z. T. Lambertson, third, by R. Boardman.

Second shoot; prize shoot.

Oil City.		Franklin.	
Fry.....	11011 10111-9	Abbott.....	11110 11011-8
Elliott.....	11000 11100-5	Miller.....	11110 11111-9
Waterson.....	11011 11111-9	Brown.....	00001 11000-4
De Arment.....	10101 10111-7	Higgins.....	10111 10111-8
Z. T. Lambertson.....	10110 10111-7	James.....	11000 11111-8
R. Boardman.....	01110 10111-7	Lyman.....	11011 10101-7
Hindman.....	11110 10101-7	Landworth.....	01111 10111-8
Jones.....	10101 11111-8	Vincent.....	11111 01111-9
R. G. Lambertson.....	00111 11111-8	Seth.....	11111 11110-9
Kennedy.....	01111 00101-6	W. Boardman.....	10011 10111-7

Third shoot.—First prize won by C. Miller; second prize by John Fry; third prize by Willie Boardman, a boy about twelve years of age, breaking 15 straight.

Team shoot.

Oil City.		Franklin.	
John Fry.....	11111 10101-9	May.....	00111 10110-6
A. Watterson.....	11111 11111-10	Elliott.....	10011 11111-8
G. B. De Arment.....	11110 11111-9	Kennedy.....	01111 11111-8
R. Boardman.....	01111 11111-9	Jones.....	01010 10101-7
W. Boardman.....	11111 10111-9	Lamberton.....	01011 10111-7
E. C. Clark.....	11111 10111-9	Vincent.....	11111 10111-10
W. P. Seth.....	11111 11111-10	R. G. Lambertson.....	11111 11101-9
J. L. Abbott.....	10110 11111-8	Hindman.....	10110 11111-8

Total.....73 Total.....36

Third shoot; five ball shoot.

Oil City.		Franklin.	
Fry.....	11111-5	W. Boardman.....	11001-3
Elliott.....	10101-4	Miller.....	11111-3
Waterson.....	11111-5	De Arment.....	11111-5
Jones.....	00111-3	Seth.....	11101-4
R. Lambertson.....	11111-5	Z. T. Lambertson.....	11011-4
Abbott.....	11111-5	May.....	10011-3
R. Boardman.....	10101-3	Hindman.....	11101-4

As it was late the ties on the five ball match were not shot off.

G. B. D.

THE only glass ball that is perfect—Paine's patent.—(Adv.)

Champion Bat Match.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Ever since the first day when the "boy of the period" threw his head covering into the air with the invitation, "Bat, bat, fly in my hat, I'll give you a piece of bread and fat,"

down to the present time, the bat has been justly considered a nuisance of the worst order. To abate such a nuisance, and to provide by so doing a means of sport to the trap shooter, was something never dreamed of until last summer, when the Sacramento Sportsmen, ever on the alert for novelty, hit upon this remarkable "bird," as a "new departure" from the pigeon gyro, and still more modern, glass ball. Being of strictly nocturnal habits, it is hard to imagine how the bat ever came to be thought of, as a means of sport in the day time, but so it is, and its eccentric flight and the small mark which it offers to the marksmen, calls for a greater amount of skill, than any object thrown from a trap. Something over a year since, a silver cup was presented to the bat shooters of Sacramento county, by Mr. W. B. Gerber, as an emblem of the Bat Championship. In the first contest for its possession, it was won by Mr. Kimber, who succeeded in holding it until nearly the close of summer, although challenged by, and shooting for it, against five or six of the best shots in the county. It was finally wrested from him by Mr. J. J. Ankener. The bat drop had by this time become so diminished that it could not be shot off again, and Mr. Ankener held possession of it until yesterday, when it was won by Lopez Mauldin, with the largest score ever made in a match for its possession. Mr. Mauldin is well and favorably known as a good shot, but has not been very successful in several matches that he has been a contestant in, owing a great deal to his carelessness at the trap. However, he more than redeemed himself yesterday, and proved to his friends that their confidence in his ability was well founded. The following is the

SCORE.		SCORE.	
Mauldin.....	11111 11111 11111 11101 11111-24	Mauldin.....	11110 11011 11010 11101 01111-18
Ankener.....	11110 11011 11010 11101 01111-18		

Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

St. Louis Kennel Club, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 5, 6, 7 and 8. Chas. H. Turner, secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society International Collie Trial, Philadelphia, Sept. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25. D. W. Selter and Elbridge McConkey, secretaries. P. S. A. Society, Harrisburg, Pa.

Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association Field Trials, Milford, Nebraska, about first week in September.

Eastern Field Trials Club's Second Annual Trials, Robins Island, Peconic Bay, L. I., Nov. 29. Jacob Pentz, secretary.

National American Kennel Club's Second Annual Field Trials, third week in November. Chas. De Ronge, secretary.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF THE DOG.

BY VERO SHAW, B. A., CANTAB. ASSISTED BY THE LEADING BREEDERS OF THE DAY.

(Cassell, Pelter, Galpin & Co., Publishers.)

CHAPTER XV.

The Dandie Dinmont.

The celebrity which this excellent terrier well maintains he owes to Sir Walter Scott; the unenviable notoriety he has had undeservedly to submit to, he owes to some of his injudicious friends.

Had the fact been frankly accepted that whatever he may now be he had no existence before the present century—and, like most, if not all, of our recognized breeds of the present day, sprang from mongrelism, or the produce of two different breeds, as we now use that word—we should have heard less nonsense about the absolute purity of some specimens that have been so much written up. The fact is that not a single dog living can, without a break in his pedigree, be traced back to the dogs owned by Davidson, although we have no doubt—and, indeed, there is a strong chain of evidence in favor of the supposition—that several strains in particular, and we may say the majority of those shown now-a-days, inherit a large percentage of the blood of the original Charleshope terriers. Sir Walter Scott, in his inimitable delineations of Scottish character, sketched to the life the burly Liddesdale yeoman, under the *nom de guerre* of Dandie Dinmont; and the rough, uncouth, but warm-hearted and generous farmer and sportsman, with his game little terrier, are now, and will be whilst the English language is read, familiar to all who appreciate the genius of Scott. When "Guy Mannering" was published, and read with such avidity by our fathers, Dandie Dinmont and his pepper-and-mustard terriers became public favorites, a strong desire to possess one of the breed of dogs that had so suddenly been made famous was very general, and in consequence specimens were widely distributed. No doubt those sent out by Mr. Davidson himself (the original of Scott's Dandie Dinmont) were genuine; but as time wore on the demand increased, receiving an immense impetus from the establishment of dog shows some eighteen years ago, these having thus raised the popularity of dogs in general; and this demand has had to be supplied principally from the pastoral dales whence the breed first sprung, and where it had been kept up with more or less of purity, although with no pretensions, so far as we can find, of recorded pedigrees.

Indeed, it appears a reasonable supposition that, so long as a dog was known to have some of the blood of the original Tarr and Pepper, the sole progenitors of the breed, and accorded in form, character, and aptitude for their special work with the dogs of Davidson, which must have been personally known to many of them, our friends of sporting proclivities across the Border would not inquire too curiously into pedigree. Probably they were warned off in some cases by a dread, not without cause, that they might suffer, like the Barber of Seville, for their "impertinent curiosity," by finding that their dogs had a somewhat different paternity from what they would have desired.

We do not thus express ourselves in disparagement of a dog for whose genuine good qualities we entertain an enthusiastic admiration. But from a desire to look the facts of the case in the face, and, admitting most heartily not only that there is "something in blood," but that there is "a great deal in blood," we would, rather than strain a pedigree beyond its bearing power, take the opposite line, and like

"The grand old gardener and his wife,
Smile at the claims of long descent."

Quite a fallacious idea appears to us to be entertained by the quibblers for "absolute purity." An unstained lineage is unquestionably an important consideration for a breeder, without which he can with no degree of certainty calculate on the character of expected produce; but neither the judge in the ring, nor the sportsman in the field with the dog, has any concern with that. The former has to consider whether the dog shows the characteristics of the breed as settled by recognized authorities, however he may have become possessed of them; and if the latter finds his dog in outward form a Dandie, and one duly "entered w' rattans, stoats, and weasels, tods, and brocks," and who never flinches, but will "face any thing w' a hairy skin on't," he will be quite satisfied, although the dog may have a bar sinister on his escutcheon. Or, again, to quote Scott, he may be a veritable "Mishdegoat," as Herr Dousterswivel would pronounce it.

As regards the dogs "Dandie Dinmont" originally possessed, the Rev. J. Cumming Macdonald in 1869 was the fortunate discoverer of a document in James Davidson's own handwriting, which ran thus:

"1800. Tuggin, from A. Armstrong, reddish and wiry; Tarr, reddish and wire-haired, a bitch; Pepper, shaggy and light, from Dr. Brown, of Borjewood. The race of Dandies are bred from the two last.—J. D."

This document must be interesting to all lovers of this game little dog, as supporting Mr. Macdonald's views that Tarr and Pepper were the progenitors of all the Dandies now in existence.

From considerable acquaintance with Dandie Dinmont terriers, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them "dead game." They are, essentially, vermin dogs, and no more useful small dogs can be kept about a country house if there are rats to be killed, a fox or an otter to be bolted, a stoat, weasel, or marten to be destroyed, a badger or brock to be drawn from his "hollow

harbor," or a rabbit to be hunted from his fastness in the thickest of whin bramble or bracken brake. He is all there, ever ready, eager, and equal to the fray, untiring, and up to the roughest work, but apt to show a little strong-headedness, and to run riot when game is near and scent is strong, unless exceptionally well broken. At home he proves a good house-dog, and his quaintness and high intelligence render him a most lovable companion; affectionate to a degree, he is not given to quarrel; but once roused, he shows himself possessed of the very essence and spirit of Polonius's advice, and "bears himself so that his adversary must beware," for he can both take and give punishment, and in common parlance will "fight till all's blue." It is a curious feature in his method of fighting that a Dandie generally fights on his back, and tears and scratches at his opponent's throat literally with tooth and nail.

Those of his admirers who call the Dandie good-looking must have singular ideas of beauty; but, as the old proverb avoweth, "handsome is that handsome does," and in good deeds he excels; and his very pronounced character, the weird "auld farran" look of quaintness and intelligence, amply make up for beauty, whilst his rough-and-ready-for-anything look at once commends him to the sportsman.

To Mr. E. Bradshaw Smith, the lovers of Dandies are indebted, he having, in the year 1841, founded a kennel of dogs by buying all he could of reputedly pure-bred dogs, which he has since kept select.

As to the constituent elements of the dog, the view we agree with is, that the Dandie is a cross between a rough hound; such as the Otterhound or Welsh Beagle and the old wire-haired Scotch terrier. To the former he owes his large hound-like head, long hanging ears—which no other terrier, except his relation, the Bedlington, has—and also the hound carriage of stern and immense leg bone, whilst the mixture of hard and soft hair may be said to be equally derived from the two original breeds.

Few breeds have been the subject of so prolonged and acrimonious a correspondence, and possibly, with the exception of the bull-dog controversy, no dispute has been productive of so much ill-feeling. The result in each instance was identical, and the Dandie Dinmont controversy ended as did that concerning his elder brother, in the formation of a club which was to settle the correct standard for judging the breed, and guard its interests generally. The two societies, however, started under widely different auspices, for whereas the bull-dog club was coldly looked upon at its outset, and received positive discouragement in quarters from which valuable assistance might reasonably have been expected, the Dandie Club was well supported from its first appearance. It blossomed into existence in 1876, under



MR. JAMES LOCKE'S DANDIE DINMONTS, DOCTOR AND TIP MUMPS.

the presidency of Lord Melgund, and the vice-presidency of Mr. E. Bradshaw Smith, strengthened by the allegiance of the best known breeders and exhibitors, and aided by the experience of Messrs. Hugh Dalziel, Wardlaw Reid, and William Strachan, in the capacities of joint Hon. secretaries.

A communication was addressed by the club to the leading breeders of the Dandie Dinmont, requesting them each to draw up a scale of points which they considered suitable for judging the breed; and from these the standard of the club was eventually selected. As a copy of these opinions is now laying before us, we propose giving some extracts from it for the benefit of such of our readers as have not had an opportunity for seeing the original. In the first place we will give the opinions of Mr. James Locke, of Selkirk, *in extenso*, having obtained that gentleman's permission to do so. These will be doubly valuable, as representing the ideas not only of the most successful exhibitor of recent date, but also those of a most frequent and highly respected judge of the breed, whose decisions are invariably well received by exhibitors.

MR. JAMES LOCKE'S DESCRIPTION OF A DANDIE DINMONT.

Head.—Skull round. Jaw long, tapering slightly toward the nose (which is not cut short like a pointer's), with very strong teeth, level in front; on no account pig-jawed or undershot. Eyes large, full, and very expressive; color brown. Ears pendulous, almond shaped, set on low, and hanging close to the head, slightly feathered and not too large.

Body.—Very long. Chest full and well let down between the fore legs; ribs round, no slackness at loin, and back slightly arched. Neck very muscular.

Forelegs.—Short and muscular, well out at shoulder, consequently slightly bowed, with feet straight to the front.

Hind legs.—Very muscular and well spread.

Feet.—Not hare-footed; claws dark.

Stern.—Not set on too low, curving slightly upward, and never carried over the back, except in great excitement.

Coat.—This is of great importance. The hair on body must be hard and wiry, and plenty of it, with no tendency to curl; on the head soft and silky, slightly curly, and very light in color, being almost white. Jaw not too heavily coated. Fore legs feathered with hair softer, shorter, and lighter in color than that on the body. Hind legs no feather. Feet comparatively clean, but this depends much on exercise. Hair on stern of same texture as that on body—not bushy, but feathered, and thinning away toward the tip.

Color.—Blue, mustard, or any combination of both. White is an objection, and is only allowed on the breast, and then to a very slight extent.

Height.—From nine to eleven inches, according to weight.

Weight.—From sixteen to twenty-two pounds; from eighteen to twenty being the most desirable for work.

SCALE OF POINTS.

	Value.
Head.....	10
Ears.....	10
Eyes.....	10
Body.....	30
Legs and feet.....	15
Coat.....	20
Carriage of stern.....	10
General.....	55
	100

The above excellent description of the points of a Dandie Dinmont was followed pretty closely by the secretaries of the club in the scale they submitted to the society as the correct one for judging the breed by. The salient features of this were ultimately adopted by the club as its standard; and we propose giving it hereafter as the scale for universal adoption, as it differs but very slightly from the club standard, and is in our opinion considerably more explicit and easy of comprehension.

The point in Mr. Locke's description which is most combated by other breeders is the expression "not cut short like a pointer's" as applied to the muzzle. But as all the best opinions we have been able to collect (including that of Mr. Locke, as given above) agree that the jaws should slightly taper toward the nose, there does not appear to be much importance attached to the simile, which must be regarded as an unhappy one from either point of view.

Before giving the scale of points drawn up by Messrs. Dalziel, Reid and Strachan, attention should be drawn to the most celebrated breeders and exhibitors of this excellent little dog. The list includes the names of Messrs. Taprell Hollands; Rev. S. T. Mosse; Paul Scott, of Jedburgh; James Paterson, of Rutherford by Selkirk; Rev. J. C. Macdonald; Nicol Milne, of Faldonside by Selkirk; Bradshaw Smith, Blackwood House, Ecclefechan; James Richardson, of Dumfries; P. S. Lang, Selkirk; George Parker, Denholm, Roxburghshire; William Pool, Dumfries; W. Wardlaw Reid; J. C. and W. Carrick, Carlisle; J. H. Murchison and James Locke, Selkirk, immortalized by their connection with Peacem, Shamrock, Warlock II, Harry Bertram, Meg, Kilt, Melrose, Doctor, Sporrin, Tib Mumps.

The standard drawn up by Messrs. Hugh Dalziel, W. Wardlaw Reid and W. Strachan, to which we have alluded above, as the best description of a Dandie published, is as follows:

"In forming an opinion of a dog's merits, the general appearance (by which is meant the impression which a dog makes as a whole on the eye of the judge) should be first considered. Secondly, should be noticed the dog's size, shape and make—i.e., its proportions in the relation they bear to each other; no point should be so much in excess of the others as to destroy the general symmetry, and cause the dog to appear deformed, or interfere with its usefulness in the occupations for which it is specially adapted. Thirdly, the dog's style, carriage, gait, temperament, and each of its other points, should be considered separately.

"Point 1.—*General Appearance.*—The general appearance of the Dandie Dinmont terrier is that of a rough-coated, thick-set dog, very low on its legs, and having a body very flexible and long in proportion to its height, but broad, deep-chested, and compact. The head very large, with broad and well-domed skull, covered with light-colored hair of a softer and more silky texture than that on the body. This hairy scalp very often gives the head an appearance of being disproportionate to the body, whereas it is not actually the case. Jaws long and slightly tapering to the nose, which must be large and always black; covered with shorter and slightly harder hair than on the body. Neck thick and muscular; shoulders low, and back slightly curved down behind them, with a corresponding arch of the loins, which are broad and strong. Ears pendulous, and bearing low. Legs, short and very muscular. The Dandie carries in his countenance the appearance of great determination, strength, and activity, with a constant and vigilant eagerness to be busy. In brief, he is an embodiment of docility, courage, strength, intelligence and alertness.

"Point 2.—*The Head* should be very large, and rather heavy-looking in proportion to the dog's size. Skull broad between the ears, with a very gradual and slight taper toward the eyes. It should be long from back to front, with high forehead, and cranium conical and well domed, measuring about the same from the point of the eye to back of skull as it does between the base of ears, and round the largest part about a third more than the dog's height at the shoulder. The head should always be covered with soft silky hair, not curled but slightly wavy, and not confined to a mere top-knot; it is also of a much lighter color than that on the body. The cheeks, starting from the ears, proportionately broad with the skull, should, without any unsightly bulge, taper very gradually toward the muzzle, the muscles showing extraordinary development, more especially those that move the lower jaw. The head of the bitch, as in nearly every other breed of dogs, is comparatively smaller and lighter in proportion to that of the dog.

"Point 3.—*The Muzzle* should be long, deep and very powerful; very slightly tapering to the nose, which should be large, well-formed, well-spread over the muzzle, and always black. The muzzle should measure from the corner of the eye to the tip of the nose about three inches in length, or in proportion to length of skull as three is to five, and round, close in front of the eyes, about two and a half to three times its length. The muzzle should be thinly covered with short and harsh hair of rather darker color than on the body; the top of muzzle should be nearly bare for about an inch from the back part of the nose, coming to a point toward the eye. A foxy or snipy muzzle is very objectionable. The jaws should be long and powerful, with very strong teeth, perfectly level in front, the canines should fit well into each other, so as to give the greatest available holding and punishing power. A pig-jawed or under-shot mouth is very objectionable, though, as it occurs in the purest strains, it cannot be very large, and the roof of it very dark, almost always black.

"Point 4.—*The Eyes* should be wide apart, large, round, moderately full, very clear, bright, and expressive of great intelligence, looking set, low, and well in front of forehead. Color, a rich brown or hazel, yellowness being a great fault. Frequently they have a dark ring round the eye, the hair of which is rather short and of a downy nature. This dark shade, together with that (already referred to) down the center of the nose, contrasts beautifully with the bright silvery top-knot, and imparts to them that gipsy, game, and gen-

une appearance which is an essential characteristic in the Dandie.

"Point 5.—The Ears should be large and pendulous, from three and a half inches to four inches long, set far apart, well back, and rather low on the skull, hanging close to the cheeks like a hound's or beagle's, but a little more pointed or almond-shaped, i. e., broad at the base, and tapering to a small rounded point. The taper should be all, or nearly all, on the back edge, the front edge hanging nearly straight down from its junction with the head to the tip. They ought to show a little shoulder at the base, which causes the tips of the ears to point a little forward toward the jaw. They should be moderately thick and leathery, and covered with a short, soft, darker and brighter sort of hair than on the body, having a smooth velvety appearance showing no lint or silky hair, excepting in some cases a thin feather of lighter hair starting about an inch or so from the tip, and of the same color and texture as the top-knot; this gives the top of the ear the appearance of a distinct point.

"Point 6.—The Neck should be rather short, and very muscular, well-developed and strong, showing great power by being well set into the shoulder. The length of neck should average about one-third of its girth.

"Point 7.—The Body should be very long and flexible, measuring from top of shoulders to root of tail about an inch or two over one and a half times the height of a dog at shoulder. Chest well developed and broad, with brisket round and deep, being well let down between the fore legs. The back should be rather low at the shoulders, and slightly curved down behind them, with a corresponding arch, the rise commencing about two inches behind the shoulder-blade; over the loins, which should be higher than the shoulders, broad and strong, with a slight gradual droop from the top of loins to root of tail. Ribs well sprung and rounded, back and front, forming a good barrel. Both sides of spine should be well supplied with muscle; in fact, every part of the dog seems to be abundantly supplied with muscle, giving it great compactness.

"Point 8.—The Tail (or stern) should be in length a little less than the height of the dog at the shoulder. It should be set on at the bottom of a gentle slope about two inches from top of loins, being rather thick at the root, getting very slightly thicker for about four inches, then tapering off to a fine point. It should be covered on the upper side with wiry hair, of darker color and stronger nature than that on the body, while the under side is lighter and less wiry, with a little, nice, light feather, commencing about two inches from root, and from one inch to two inches long, getting shorter as it nears the tip, which is pointed. It should be carried gaily, or hound-like, slightly curved upward, but not directly curled over the back. N. B.—When not excited, nearly in a horizontal line, but otherwise hound-like.

"Point 9.—The Legs. The fore legs should be very short in proportion to the dog's size, very stout, and set wide apart, thick, and straight, with immense muscular development in the forearm; this, with the ankles being very slightly turned inward, makes the dog appear somewhat bandy-legged, but the leg-bones themselves should be stout and straight, and not curved. The feet should be well framed and broad, but not flat, standing firm, and well under the chest, with very little or no feather on the legs. Hind legs thick and strong, longer than the fore legs, well spread, with a good bend in the hocks, the muscles of the thighs being very thick and well developed; the feet are much smaller, with no feather or dew-claws. The toes rather short, not hare-footed. The claws black, and very strong. White claws, however, should not be a disqualification.

"Point 10.—Size. Height from eight inches to twelve inches at top of shoulder, but never above twelve inches, even for a dog. Weight: Dogs, from 16 lbs. to 24 lbs.; bitches, from 14 lbs. to 20 lbs. The most desirable weight, 20 lbs. for dogs and 16 lbs. for bitches; but 24 lb. dogs are very useful to give bone, muscle, and stamina to the product of the smaller ones.

"Point 11.—The Coat. This is a very important feature. The hair (about two inches long) along the top of the neck and upper part of the body should be a mixture of about two-thirds rather hard (but not wiry), with one-third soft, linty (not silky) hair, which gives a sort of crisp feeling to the hand, and constitutes what old John Stoddart used to term 'a ply coat.' It becomes lighter in color and finer in texture as it nears the lower part of the body and legs. The head is covered with hair of a longer, lighter, and much more silky texture, giving it a silvery appearance, but not so long as to hang completely over the eyes like a squire or poodle. The lighter in color and softer the better.

"Point 12.—The Color. Either mustard or pepper, and their mixtures. Mustard is a reddish or sandy brown of various shades. Pepper is a bluish grey, either dark in shade, ranging from a dark bluish black to a slaty grey, or even a much paler or silvery grey; sometimes a combination of both, in which case the back is grey while the legs, inside of ears, chest, and under side of tail, are mustard, verging on a pale red or fawn color. No other colors admitted; and any white, even on chest, is objectionable.

"VALUE OF THE POINTS ACCORDING TO THE DALZIEL, REID, AND STRACHAN SCALE.

1.—General appearance	10
2.—Head	10
3.—Muzzle, jaws, and teeth	10
4.—Eyes	10
5.—Ears	5
6.—Neck and chest	5
7.—Body	15
8.—Tail	5
9.—Legs and feet	10
10.—Size and weight	5
11.—Coat	10
12.—Color	5

Total 100

Doctor, the subject of our colored plate, is the property of Mr. James Locke, of Selkirk, N. B. He has taken the first prize at Wolverhampton; first, Crystal Palace; first, Nottingham; first, Alexandra Palace, 1875; first, Darlington; first and cup, Birmingham, 1876; first, Manchester, 1877; first, Crystal Palace; first, Glasgow, 1878. His measurements are—Tip of nose to stop, 8½ inches; stop to occiput, 5 inches; length of back, 17 inches; girth of muzzle, 8 inches; girth of skull, 14 inches; girth of brisket, 21½ inches; girth round shoulders, 20 inches; girth of loins, 16½ inches; girth of forearm, 5½ inches; girth of pastern, 3½ inches; height at shoulders, 10½ inches; height at elbow, 6½ inches; height at loins, 13 inches; length of tail, 10 inches; weight, 21 lbs.

Mr. Dalziel and the New York Show.

As Mr. Hugh Dalziel was one of the judges of the recent New York show, an interest to our readers is attached to his report of the show to an English contemporary, which we copy:

"This show has been held under such adverse circumstances as to prove that the tenacity of purpose on which we often pride ourselves as peculiarly English is not solely our inheritance. The Westminster Kennel Club, under whose auspices the exhibition took place, had a marvellously strong tide of circumstances against them, and yet produced a success where it appeared absolutely impossible. The show was arranged in Madison Square Gardens, the name of which may be rather misleading to the

readers I address. It is a very large covered building, in every way well adapted to the purpose of a dog show, and not a garden in the ordinary acceptance. A week before the date originally fixed for the show, a recent addition to this building, in which a fancy fair was being held, gave way under the weight of numbers of people in it, causing the deaths of several and injuring many; in the list of the former, unfortunately, was included Mr. W. M. Tilston, who had for years taken a most prominent part in dog shows and other means of improving the various breeds of the canine race in America. This most melancholy accident threw a gloom over the show, and caused its postponement for fourteen days. The excitement in the public mind and prejudices against the building was worked up to fever-heat, or at least as near it as the daily press here—which is nothing if not sensational—could raise it.

"Notwithstanding all this, the show was a decided success. The arrangement of the benching, and the whole management, reflected the greatest credit on the committee, and on the superintendent, Mr. Charles Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln is by nature an organizer, and in this special matter has no equal that I have yet met. The perfect order in which he has everything is sustained throughout by the courtesy and urbanity that overlie his firmness.

"The kennels had not the light airy appearance of those at our best shows, where Ford and Tomlinson provide them, and were, I think, too high; but the comfort and thorough cleanliness of the dogs was all that could be desired, the bedding being ample, the water regularly and frequently supplied. The food was mainly Spratt's Patent Fibrine Cakes, as popular here, I find, as they are at home. Distraction was also well attended to; and the place being lofty, large, and well ventilated, the visitors, who largely consisted of the élite of the city, had the most favorable opportunity whilst parading the wide avenues to inspect the dogs.

"The judging, which lasted until six o'clock on the evening of the third day, was carried on—very slowly, readers will justly think—in a spacious ring, and the attendants brought the dogs in rapidly. Judging at a New York bench show is most difficult and unsatisfactory, because the majority of exhibitors have no knowledge of the animals they exhibit; whilst at the same time they do not hesitate to express the most pronounced opinions. These remarks apply to a section only.

"The dogs as a whole pleasingly surprised me by their excellence the setters and pointers raising the character of the exhibition to a high standard.

"First on the list were the splendid team of pointers the property of the Westminster Kennel Club, chief of them that grand dog Sensation. These were not for competition.

"Mastiffs, numbering a dozen dogs and as many bitches and puppies, were a plain lot, all more or less lantern-jawed. This will doubtless be improved, as there exists a strong desire to have the best. St. Bernards were also of mediocre quality only, and both these classes consisted of undersized animals. The St. Bernards were also many of them neither rough nor smooth. Newfoundland and other classes which I did not judge, I had no chance of seeing except casually, being kept in the ring until the last hour of the show; but there were several good Newfoundland and good-sized Deerhounds, but the best of the latter too soft in coat.

"The pointers in the whole ten classes were very good—just a shade or two under Crystal Palace or Birmingham form, and a shade or two more under Devonshire merit. To discuss the merits of the dogs individually would not, I think, greatly interest readers who know some of the best. I cannot see and compare these with the others, so refer back to the prize list."

The setters, as a whole, were, of every variety, marvelously good. I do not hesitate to say I never saw an exhibition of so many good ones. One objection only—numbers were shown in indifferent condition. The time appears to have fully arrived when our American friends may do away with the distinction between English and native, as they evidently inherited the genius for breeding, and turned it to good account. The setter classes numbered nearly 500 entries, and yet there were but a few weeds. Of the classes, I consider the English—that is, broadly speaking, the Laveracks—the best, and the best of these were of Mr. Purcell-Llewellyn's strain, which is greatly in favor here. Gordons were good and competition close. Irish were also excellent, although far below Dublin form, and in the judging of this class something of a fiasco occurred, but of that, "solid protests," and some other trifles, I shall be silent, unless at your request, Mr. Editor; for on one or two points I should have to crave leave to use stronger language than I ordinarily care to see in a report.

The spaniels were extremely poor—the sort to be picked up in any of our villages by the score. Fox terriers were fairly good. Bull-dogs had Donald to the front, with a very decent bitch second. Bull-terriers were attractive, and indeed, quite a feature of the show, the "interveners" having handled Sir Wm. Verne's representative pretty freely in advance, so that every one wanted to see Tarquin. Bar Tarquin, Superbus, Mrs. Willis' Victor and Mr. Willis' Zulu, there was nothing good; for Sallust looked coarse, and showed as much fawn as an old Spanish pointer. Colles I did not see. There were some nice pugs, the proper size, lovely in color, but just a wee bit long in muzzle. One good and another fair Dandie Dinmont saved the class from utter worthlessness. Yorkshires were good, but not so well shown or so nice in color as we see them. The smooth toy terriers were simply rubbish. Japanese spaniels I am nearly as ignorant about as I am of Russian terriers; but there were plenty of them shown. The miscellaneous class brought out some good German boarhounds; one slate-colored dog was really grand.

HUGH DALZIEL.

Mr. Taylor to Mr. Mellier.

RICHMOND, VA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Mr. Mellier, Jr., plumply denies being guilty of what I charged him with, and writes a long letter in defence of himself, bristling up with very small facts. I am not much acquainted with the practices of courts of justice, but, if I remember right, when a man is going to be hanged, the judge lets him make his defence in his own way, without complaining of its length. I told Mr. Mellier very plainly that if he did not rectify this indiscreet transaction I would take steps to make it very fatal to his quiet.

He appeals to some allegiance I owe an adopted state (what-ever that means), which should shame me out of any attempt to make myself whole in "mercenary" ways, when once having been "taken in." I am advised to take "principle" as a physis instead. I do so sometimes as a privilege but not if it is stuffed down my throat, yea or nay. I was "bred" to keep all with designs out of my breeches' pocket first, and was taught cardinal principles afterwards. Now here is a gentleman so thoroughly and so justly sensible of his fair-dealing with me that he erects a younger brother as breastworks to shield the crookedness, plants himself behind them and works his battering-ram with great vigor. Then it was the brother who informed the Washington gentleman that the pedigree given me was spurious, was it? If that is so I must acquit him though it was a very narrow escape, and if Mr. Mellier still declares that he himself never wrote to this Washington party but got his brother to do it for

him, of course he is not on record and I can't bet the five hundred, though, as I before stated, my esteemed Washington friend's letter is still before me and reads just as I quoted in my former letter.

Let us see if Mr. Mellier, Jr., does not raise or sell dogs. He distinctly told me at Baltimore that he was proprietor of Princeton Kennel Club. At any rate I have a silver collar belonging to the dog purchased from him, with his name, the name of the dog, and name of kennel club engraved upon it, corroborating his statement to me. I bought the dog of him, came near buying his Belle at the same time; still he does not sell dogs!! An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house and seeing an Irishman stationed behind him taking a liberty which Parmenio used with his friend Alexander, concluded writing in these words: "I would say more, but an impolite tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write." "You lie, you scoundrel," said the self-convicted Irishman.

It seems to absolve Mr. M. from any blame merely because I did not discover the pious fraud till after a lapse of nearly two years, but no matter about deferred time, truth struggled to the surface at last although it came near being choked to death. It is quite possible that this brother unearthed a new pedigree of the dog somewhere in Texas and made no mention of it, only to those outside of the family. Oh, pshaw! It is necessary to the full and upright character of truth that it rejects the crutch! It is also possible that my prior letter asking "light" was not received, for after what Mr. Mellier has written under date of May 14, if he were to tell me that he would ride to Baton Rouge upon a cocked hat, would walk (go-as-you-please) a thousand miles with peas in his shoes, or cut his throat with a pound of pickled salmon, I must believe him.

I am well aware now that I never bought the dog on his pedigree; it's a trifle off, and that is what I am grunting about; we are agreed as to that. His voice is not loud in answer to my query as to his "hunting qualities," which were misrepresented, although it may have been the usual recourse in administering vermifuge medicines.

I am extremely sorry to see Mr. M. jumping backward and forward over ditches in this harlequin manner; if he is cornered, let him establish a regular point, not backed by the brother; for the moment he bolts from the thicket he is bagged.

T. F. TAYLOR.

Dog Trial Piracy.

LONDON, ENG.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I note in your columns of May 8th, a paragraph to the effect that you had received a cable message from England, that Mr. Macdonald's Ranger had won the champion cup at the National Field Trials this year, held April 21st.

This message is false, because Ranger was not at the National Trials at all, neither did he win any champion cup at the National. It is false, for the best of reasons, viz., that neither last year nor this, was there any champion cup at the National to compete for.

Several days later, on May 4th, the Kennel Club held a trial with some stakes open to the world, and one cup, the competition for which was strictly confined to members of the K. C., all others being barred. That cup Ranger won, and that was the only cup he did win; and, I need not say, that to win a cup confined to one section, such as that K. C. cup, is a very different thing, to winning the National champion cup at Shrewsbury, open to the world. There was one stake, this year, open to the world, in which Ranger competed, viz., the All Aged stake at the K. C. trials in which he was beaten by Mr. Llewellyn's Dashing Bondhu, a fourteen months old puppy. Mr. Llewellyn not being a member of the K. C., Dashing Bondhu was unable to compete in that other stake, confined to K. C. members, which was the stake Ranger won. Now this is the third instance of this sort of misrepresentation from the same quarter, that I have had to call your attention to. So late as last year was the last time, the same misleading attempt to stretch the lesser achievement into the greater. If assertions of this sort are not contradicted, they are believed, and thus people are deceived.

The excuse probably would be that they were mere blunders; if so, how does it happen that on three occasions the same kind of blunders have occurred? And how does it happen that at three different times they are all to Mr. Macdonald's advantage? Why not sometimes the other way? Moreover, it is strange that the exact date is given of the National meeting. So the statement in itself is homogenous and consistent, and yet at the same time altogether false. If these are purely blunders, they are the most remarkable it has ever been my fortune to observe.

Why also the desperate hurry exhibited in sending the news (?) per cable? Why not allow it to go per ordinary mail? The other competitors were content that their achievements should be known through the usual newspaper report; therefore, why this desperate hurry to anticipate the mail? and why is this the third occasion on which this frenzied anxiety is shown to get a bogus message published before the ordinary report.

If it is not irreverent, one would express one's thoughts, (partially at all events). Mr. Macdonald has had but one dog, and now that his one dog has had his day, he wishes to be prepared with an excuse for never running him again, i. e., that he is across the herring pond, in the kennel of some too confiding American. The cable message is a happy thought. Some simple youth may have jumped at the bait deftly dangled before his eyes, in the gorgeous romance of the cable message and he may have been played and landed high and dry long before the slow, but sure arrival of the common newspaper report, travelling by ordinary mail, when his eyes will be opened, but all too late.

As this is the third instance of this kind I have had the honor of bringing to your notice, I think I cannot more appropriately conclude than with the signature I used on the last occasion, and if Ranger and his respected master live to another year, we shall, I expect have a fourth merry meeting.

RANGER 50, LATE BOB.

[The cablegram was not sent by our correspondent but as an associated press despatch.—Ed.]

St. Louis to Guido.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Guido calls for the record; by the record let him be judged. It being voluminous, I only quote a few passages:

"If a half blue is better than a whole blue, the 'better' part must logically aim from that other half, which is the native half."—CHICAGO FIELD, July 6, '78.

Why did he breed Countess to Joe Jr., in preference to a native? Ans.—The owner of Joe Jr., the editor of the CHICAGO FIELD, and Guido, proclaim Joe a red native, untarnished by any domineer, and he is precisely similar in every thing in game to his mother, and grand dam Buck; and all that race of native Irish and it is Buck I have named, against any blue in his dominion, the mother of Joe Jr.; and I am willing to run his native mother Buck against his imported sire Elcho.

"Will Riverside explain why Joe, sore and weak from disease, absolutely distanced his full blue half brother Berkley."—CHICAGO FIELD, June 29, '78.

"The very utmost any one could claim for Joe is that he is half Irish, whereas his being a native in birth is perfectly known."—CHICAGO FIELD, July 6, '78.

It will be seen from the record, Guido nailed down Elcho's coffin, buried him, erected head and foot boards, and wrote an epitaph of his own liking, *Worthless*. Has Elcho's spirit, like old John Brown's been marching on ever since? Is it Phoenix like, risen from its ashes? or like the ghost of Banquo, does it refuse to be down at Guido's bidding? When hitters get hit, it sometimes restores them to reason. Has Elcho by his acts in the field, on the bench and in the stud, forced the admission of his worth? or has Guido seen the error of his way, and repented? As the mountain could not go to Mahomet, Mahomet goes to the mountain. "By its fruits shall we judge it." The record states:

"Guido was of the first exhibitors at bench shows, and field trials. He has the reputation of breeding largely and spending more money on the education of his pups, than any single man I know of. Of the large number bred, how many has he ran of his own breeding? Record states one. How many of his own breeding has he shown at the various shows? Record tells us none.

Now Guido, if instead of writing down good dogs, you would breed better ones, the sportsmen of the country would rise up and call you blessed. When your head and foot boards have to be placed, and I trust not soon, do not let your epitaph in the dog line be a single word, "Failure."

In the language of one that it would redound to our honor to imitate his example, "with charity to all and enmity to none," I dismiss the subject. ST. LOUIS.

The Tileston Fund.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1880.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have to acknowledge the receipt to date of further subscriptions to the "Tileston Memorial Fund," as follows:

Previously acknowledged	\$135.00
R. B. Roosevelt	100.00
Garrett Roach	25.00
Geo. Van Wagenen	25.00
Alfred A. Fraser	25.00
J. Dwight Frances	10.00
Bayard Thayer	10.00
Robt. Hume	10.00
Jno. S. O'Neill	
David Lindo	
Florence L.	Through E. Lohman 5.08
Wm. Meyers	
W. H. Howard	
E. A. Herzberg	5.00
W. A. McIntosh	5.00
E. J. Whitehead	5.00
L. H. Smith	5.00
A. Virginia Friend	5.00
Edward E. Hardy	5.00
D. H. Baldwin	1.00
Total	\$376.00

Yours truly,

FRED. N. HALL, Sec'y.

Blanks for subscription lists, can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, P. O. Box 1393, N. Y.

BALTIMORE, MD.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Allow me the pleasure of subscribing the enclosed amount (\$3) to the "Tileston Relief Fund." Am not much of a sportsman myself but am a human being and have sympathy for the sufferers. L. M. LEVERING.

Raising Puppies Without Care.

FRANKFORD, PA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have taken a great interest in what has been written by your numerous correspondents on the raising of puppies with care. I will now give you a brief chapter how a neighbor of mine raises them without care. He keeps a large number of hogs and gathers slop and garbage through the city to feed them with. The spoiled meat and bread is picked out and fed to the puppies, which are as follows: three hound pups, and one setter. The setter is now one year old; when it came to his place it was about two months old, and a more sickly-looking pup I never saw. She never was given a spoonful of medicine, and in a short time became as fat and sleek as a mole; the others are three months old, and as round as dumplings. All they get to eat is what comes from the slop. As far as sleeping accommodations are concerned they have all out doors, or wherever they can find a soft, dry spot. I have never known but one of his dogs to be sick, and that one a partly bred shepherd and Newfoundland, had the distemper very badly, but it had to take pot luck with the rest, and came out right side up without care. D. K. H.

How Much Is a Dose.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Would X, whose communication "Twenty year's experience with distemper," which appeared in the CHICAGO FIELD of May 23, 1880, kindly give further particulars as promised, and state amount of aconite and belladonna proper to be administered to a fifty-pound dog from ten to twelve months of age?

Also I would be very thankful if he would state whether, in his experience with this disease, he ever met with a case, where fever convulsions, which finally killed the dog, were caused by the mucus which must have been present in the head, refusing to flow from the eyes and nose.

The dog in question had every symptom of distemper; his disease was taken in time; he was doctored according to "X," with emetic, aconite, and castor oil; he seemed in a fair way of recovery, when he was seized with spasms and renewed fever. Every precaution was taken with him, he being kept warm and dry, bowels open, and he was fed with great care. He was a thoroughbred collie, eleven months old. His sickness lasted two weeks. J. A. W.

FRANK.—Tariffville, Conn.—Editor Chicago Field:—Seeing from time short sketches about dogs, I am induced to send you a few lines telling what my native English setter will do. Frank is an orange and white setter four years' old; one that when on the point will fill the sportsman's eye with true love for the field. He was never known to flush a bird, having been in the field three years. He would retrieve readily at the age of seven weeks, always bringing the bird by the head or end of the wing. I have seen him trail a flock of quails more than one half mile, never leaving the trail. He can be called back from a strong point by the motion of the hand; and will also heel by the same sign in the field. I have sent him to retrieve a quail three rods distant, he would point on another with the dead one in his mouth. He can be sent on errands anywhere about the neighborhood always carrying the message in his mouth. Some kind person has lately tried to poison him. I have bred to him a lemon and white English setter, the dam of which has taken two first premiums. H. A. C.

DREAM II.—Mr. Elijah A. Willard, of Jonesboro, Ill., has again bred his Gordon setter bitch, Dream II, to the Toledo Ken-

nel Club's Grouse, and she will whelp about July 5. The result of the union of Dream and Grouse has been most satisfactory. All those who own puppies of the previous litter speak very highly of them, both as to show and field qualities. Among the owners of the last litter are the Toledo Kennel Club, Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Henry Malcolm, of Baltimore. The only two of the litter exhibited, the Toledo Kennel Club's January and May, have taken first prizes. January exhibited when five months old in the bitch puppy class at the St. Louis show last October, took the first prize, and May exhibited in the bitch puppy class at the New York show took the first prize. Dream II is herself a beautiful bitch, and is as good in the field as she is handsome. Grouse is too well known to need comment; hence it is not to be wondered at that the progeny should be so good. Dream was bred by Mr. James R. Tilley, of Locust Valley, Long Island. She reflects credit on her breeder, as she is a source of pleasure to her owner.

Names Claimed.

DATES OF WHELPING CORRECTED.—Mr. W. L. McConnell, New Castle, Pa., desires to correct the dates of whelping of Ferncliff, Pet and MacLaverack: names having been claimed in our issue of June 12, to the following: Ferncliff, whelped Oct. 26, 1879; Pet and MacLaverack, April 2, 1880.

MAVOURNEEN.—Mr. C. R. Dufour, Washington, D. C., claims the name of Mavourneen for orange and white setter bitch by Carlowitz II, out of Blanche (Burgess' Don-Vontain's Queen) whelped Jan. 14, 1880, bred by Mr. M. VonCulin, Delaware City, Del.

DANE OF HATCHIE.—Dr. Wm. J. Cannon, Hatchie Hall, Tenn., claims the name of Dane of Hatchie for black, white and tan setter dog puppy by Gladstone, out of Floy, presented to him by his friend Mr. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.

CATO, MOLIS AND NED.—Mr. E. H. Gillman, Detroit, Mich., claims the name of Cato for pointer dog, by Gumbo, out of Doctor Hoyt's Fan, also Molis and Ned for setter bitch and dog puppies, by Leicester, out of Rose.

MATTIE.—Dr. H. B. Wygant, Peekskill, N. Y., claims the name of Mattie for liver colored pointer bitch puppy whelped Feb. 23, 1880, by Sam, out of Vivian, bred by Mr. John L. Martin, Milford, Mass.

EVANGELINE.—Mr. R. G. Hall, Portland, Me., claims the name of Evangeline for red Irish setter bitch puppy whelped July 1, 1879, by champion Elcho, out of Mag (Imp. Milo—Imp. Biddy).

ZAMPA.—Mr. Wm. F. Todd, Portland, Me., claims the name Zampa for liver pointer puppy by Mr. E. Culver's Duke (Frank—Quail II) out of Mr. P. Qumbreyer's Queen (Ben II—Nellie).

LANCWOOD.—Mr. E. S. Wanmaker, Cool Spring, N. C., claims the name of Lancelwood for red Irish setter dog puppy by Elcho, out of Lorna, whelped March 20, 1880.

Deaths.

PEG'S BOY.—We were unfortunately prophetic, when we stated in our report of the New York show, that we would be much surprised if some of the dogs were not made seriously ill from the sudden changes in the weather, which occurred during the show, as we have since learned that many of them have been sick, even unto death's door. We regret to have to chronicle the death of Mr. Clarence K. Drane's remarkably promising young dog, Peg's Boy, from pneumonia, contracted at the New York show. Possessed of a robust constitution he resisted the disease longer than it seemed possible for a dog to do, but at last succumbed to it. The loss is a great one, as Peg's Boy was a dog of great promise, both on the bench and in the field, for notwithstanding his muzzle was bad, that being his only weak point, his good points were such, that when more fully developed he would have more than made up on the bench what he would have lost by it. To breeders, he is a loss, as although little more than a puppy, he had proved himself a remarkable dog in the stud.

MAJOR BELTON, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Editor Chicago Field:—I have lost by poisoning on June 6, my setter dog, Major Belton. Some miscreant in our neighborhood, has poisoned at least twelve to fifteen dogs, among the number, some very fine English setters and pointers. Could we but find out the perpetrator, we would spend any amount of money to bring him to justice. J. R. HENDRICKS.

NEVA, West Hampton, L. I.—Editor Chicago Field:—My pointer bitch puppy Neva, by Strong's Pete, ex Princess (Dilley's Ranger—Gillespie's Fan) died on the 6th inst. She received second in the puppy class at the recent N. Y. Bench Show, out of thirty-one entries. She was very promising, and by long odds, the best puppy I have yet owned. FISHER HOWE, JR.

Sales.

WARREN—RYE WHELPS.—Mr. W. C. Percy, Bayou Tunica, La., has disposed of the following whelps by Warren out of Rye: To Mr. L. G. Young, Savannah, Ga., Dr. R. H. Ryland, Bayou Sara, La., and Mr. J. B. Sims, Laurel Hill, La., a dog each, and to Mr. Jos. Collins, Jr., New Orleans, Mr. P. H. Coleman, Union Springs, Ala., and Mr. Armand, Cousin, La., a bitch each.

PRESENTED.—Dr. Wm. Jarvis has presented to Mr. E. S. Wanmaker, Cool Spring, N. C., a dog puppy (the choice of the litter) by Elcho, out of Lorna. Lorna is by Elcho out of Rose. Mr. Wanmaker trained Lorna, and considers her the finest, and one of the most enduring field performers he ever handled or saw.

RANGER—QUEEN WHELP, ETC.—Mr. S. B. Dilley, Lake City, Minn., has sold to Mr. J. C. McKenna, Suisun, Cal., a bitch puppy by champion Ranger out of Queen, also a dog puppy by Ranger, out of Nell (Viscount—Minnesota).

COUNTRESS KATE.—Mr. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., has purchased of Mr. J. E. Mason, England, the setter bitch Countess Kate, by Blue Prince, out of Armstrong's Kate.

CRACK.—Mr. J. H. Bauman, Tappahannock, Va., has purchased of Mr. M. VonCulin, the setter dog Crack by Carlowitz, out of True.

YOUNG SOOTY.—Mr. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., has purchased the pug dog Young Sooty, by champion Sooty, out of Effie.

PRESENTED.—Mr. George Ponnall, Christians, Pa., has presented to Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., a brace of fine fox hound puppies.

Whelps.

QUEEN.—Mr. W. A. Van Brunt's Queen (formerly Munson's) whelped, June 17, eleven—five dogs and six bitches—color, white, and white with lemon markings and white with liver markings; sired by St. Louis Kennel Club's champion Faust.

BELLE.—Mr. Edward L. Mills' orange and white setter bitch Belle whelped, June 9, ten—seven bitches and three dogs—by Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Leicester.

HERO.—Mr. W. H. Linn's pointer bitch Hero (Bow—Queen) whelped six—two dogs and four bitches—by Mr. A. G. Fleischbein's Whitford (Ranger—Dolly).

PAIRIE GIRL.—Mr. L. C. F. Lotz's greyhound bitch Pairie Girl whelped, June 20, nine—five dogs and four bitches—by Tippecanoe.

SKIP.—Mr. J. R. Hendrick's setter bitch Skip whelped, June 16, ten—five dogs and five bitches—by Belton III.

Visits.

JUNO—BLOSSOM.—Mr. T. Doye's Gordon setter bitch Juno (Duke—Belle) to Dr. J. S. Niven's Blossom.

COUNTRESS KATE.—Mr. A. H. Moore's imported setter bitch Countess Kate to Tom O'Shanter.

SPECK—RODERICK.—Mr. Chas. P. Foster's Speck to Mr. A. H. Moore's Roderick.

QUEEN—RANGER.—Mr. S. B. Dilley's Queen to his champion Ranger.

Amusements.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Tortured to death is the present title of the farcical "Le Supplice d'un Homme" being presented. Mother-in-law is a bright comedy.

HAVERTY'S THEATRE.—Tony Pastor and his double company "Go West" on the emigrant train, every evening at Haverty's. Matinees as usual.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.—Joseph Murphy, the tragedian, is at Hooley's in Kerry Gow, supported by Miss M. Loden Young and a good company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.—H. B. Mann's Comic Opera Company is in Boccaccio, the latest European Novelty. It is well worth a visit.

HAMLIN'S THEATRE.—Tom Keane will open on Oct. 4, at Hamlin's.

Natural History.

Nomenclature of the North American Grouse.

BY SPENCER TROTTER.

A want, expressed at times by sportsmen's journals, of the correct and proper nomenclature of game birds among the majority of sportsmen, led me to work out the present article, in hopes that in some way it might meet the desired end, and help to straighten matters a little. In 1865, D. Giraud Elliott monographed the Tetraonidae, or grouse family, including all the known forms. Of the twenty-two species cited, fourteen were found to be inhabitants of the continent of North America, which apparently is the natural home of the grouse game birds through and through, wherever found. It is therefore but proper, that the American sportsman, who enjoys the magnificent shooting of this essentially American game, be acquainted with the correct names, with the distribution, habits, etc., of the several forms, and the more he unearths, the more things he will find he did not know before, and greater will be the interest developed. In presenting to the CHICAGO FIELD, and its readers this rough outline of the nomenclature of the North American grouse, I would state, that I have included all the present known species and varieties, giving the habitat, synonymy and reference (i. e. American), of each, and the now recognized name.

The several standard American Ornithologies are referred to, and for habitat, Dr. Coues' excellent key is quoted; and it is to that indispensable hand-book, "The Birds of the Northwest," that I have been able to do what I have done.

Claiming first attention is the genus.

(Tetrao). Linn.

Canada Grouse.

(Tetrao canadensis). Linn.

Habitat.—North America, northerly; in British America, west to Alaska; in United States, west to Rocky Mts.; south into the northern tier of states; Maine, and casually to Massachusetts.

Synonymy and reference.

Tetrao canadensis, Nuttall's Manual, vol. 1, 1840, 811; Audubon's Birds of America, vol. 5, 1842, 83; Coues' Key, 232; Ibid, Birds of the Northwest, 894.

Canace canadensis, Elliott's Monograph; Baird, Brewer and Ridgway, North American Birds, vol. 3, 416.

Tetrao canace, Linnæus' System.

Black spotted heath cock, Edwards' Gleanings.

Spruce grouse, spruce partridge,

Spotted grouse, wood partridge,

Swamp partridge; vulgar.

Franklin's Grouse.

(Tetrao canadensis franklini), Coues.

Habitat.—The Rocky and Cascade mountains, United States.

Synonymy and Reference.

Tetrao fusca, Ord. Guthrie's Geog. 2d Amer. ed., 2, 1815, 317, (based upon small brown pheasant, Lewis and Clarke expedition, 2, 182 (in all probability this species is referred to).

Tetrao franklini, Cooper, Birds of California, 1, 1870, 529; Swainson and Richardson; Fauna boreali Americana, 2, 1831, 348, Pl. 6; male.

Tetrao canadensis var. franklini, Coues' Key, 233; Ibid, Bds. N. W., 394.

Canace franklini, Elliott's Monograph.

Canace canadensis, var. franklini, Bd., Br. and Ridg. N. Amer. Bds., 3, 419; Ibid, Tyee kulla kulla (Gentleman bird of the Indians).

Tetrao canadensis, var. Bonaparte's American Ornithology, 3, 1830, Pl. 20: Male.

Dusky Grouse.

(Tetrao obscurus) Say.

Habitat.—Rocky and other mountains to the Pacific—United States.

Synonymy and Reference.

Tetrao obscurus; Nutt. Man. 1, 1840, 809; Aud. Bds. Amer. 5, 1842, 89; Coues' Key, 233; Ibid, Bds. N. W., 395.

Canace obscurus; Bd., Br. and Ridg. N. Amer. Bds., 3, 423.

Dendragapus obscurus; Elliott's Monograph.

Blue Grouse, Gray Grouse, Pine Grouse; vulgar.

Richardson's, or Black-tailed Grouse.

(Tetrao obscurus Richardsoni) Coues.

Habitat.—Central Rocky Mountains, and Northward.

Synonymy and Reference.

Tetrao Richardsoni, Coop. Bds. of Cal., 1, 1870, 5.

Tetrao obscurus, Sw. and Rich. Fa. bor. Amer. 2, 1831, 344, Pl. 59, 60.

(Undoubtedly this variety).

Tetrao obscurus var. Richardsoni, Coues' Key, 233; Ibid, Bds. N. W., 400.

Canace obscurus var. Richardsoni, Bd., Br. and Ridg. N. Amer. Bds., 3, 1874, 427.

Dendragapus Richardsoni, Elliott's Monograph.

(Centrocerus), Swainson.

The Cock of the Plains.

(Centrocerus Urophasianus), Sw.

Habitat.—Confined to the sterile plains, and sage brush tracts (Artemisia) of the Western United States; south to about 35° (Mojave River, Cooper).

Synonymy and Reference.

Tetrao urophasianus, Bonaparte's Amer. Orn., 3, 1830, 212, Pl. 21; Nutt. Man., 1, 1840, 803; Aud. Bds. Amer., 5, 1842, 106.

Tetrao (centrocerus) urophasianus, Sw. and Rich., Fa. bor. Amer. 2, 1831, 358, Pl. 59.

Centrocerus urophasianus, Coues' Key, 232; Ibid Bds. N. W., 400; Bd., Br. and Ridg. N. Amer. Bds., 3, 429; Elliott's Monograph.

Cock of the Plains, Lewis and Clarke, Sage Cock, Sage Hen, Sage Poul and Pheasant-tailed Grouse, of authors.

(Pedicetes), Baird.

Northern Sharp-tailed Grouse.

(Pedicetes phasianellus), Elliott.

Habitat.—Arctic America, not south to the United States.

Synonymy and Reference.

Tetrao phasianellus, Bonap. Amer. Orn. 3, 1828, 37, (text of male from Arctic America but not Plate).

Tetrao (centrocerus) phasianellus, Sw. and Rich., Fa. bor. Amer., 2, 1831, 361.

Pedicetes phasianellus, Coues' Key, 234; Ibid Bds. N. W. 407; Bd., Br. and Ridg. N. Amer. Bds., 3, 434; Elliott's Monograph.

Pedicetes Kennicottii, Suckley, Pro. Phila. Acad., 1861, 361.

Long-tailed Grouse (Urogallus minor), Edwards, 3, 117.

Arctic Sharp-tailed Grouse, Elliott.

Southern or Common Sharp-tailed Grouse.

(Pedicetes phasianellus columbianus) Ca.

Habitat.—This is the common ordinary form of the sharp-tailed grouse, abundant on the prairies, from Wisconsin and

Kansas, westward.

Synonymy and Reference.

Phasianus columbianus, Ord. Guthrie's Geog. second Amer. Ed. 1815, 317 (based on Columbian pheasant of Lewis and Clarke).

Tetrao phasianellus, Bonap. Amer. Orn. 3, 1828, 37, Pl. 19 (not description of male, which was from Arctic America), Nutt. Man. 1, 1840, 806, and Bds. of Amer., 5, 1843, 110.
Pediocetes columbianus, Elliott's Monograph.
Pediocetes phasianellus var. *columbianus*, Coues' Key, 234; *Ibid.*, Bds. N. W. 407; Bd., Br. & Ridg. N. Amer. Bds. 3, 436.
Pediocetes columbianus, *Pediocetes pedicetes* and *tetrao urophasianellus* of various writers.

The Columbia sharp-tail, Authors.

(*Cupidonia*), Reich.

Pinnated Grouse.

(*Cupidonia cupido*) Bd.

Habitat.—On the prairies, from Illinois and Wisconsin to Middle Kansas, at least; if not found on the dryer plains westward. Formerly abundant in the Middle and Eastern States, and still occurring there, sparingly, in isolated localities.

Synonymy and Reference.

Tetrao cupido, Wilson's Amer. Orn. 3, 194, Pl. 27; Nutt. Man., 1, 1840, 199, and Bds. Amer. 5, 1843, 93.

Cupidonia cupido, Coues' Key, 234; *Ibid.*, Bds. N. W., 419; Bd., Br. and Ridg., N. Amer. Bds. 3, 440; Elliott's Monograph.

Bonasa cupido and *Cupidonia americana*, of certain writers.

Prairie chicken, *prairie hen*, *chicken*, Vulgar.

The Texas Prairie Hen.

(*Cupidonia cupido pallidicinctus*), Ridg.

Habitat.—Western Texas—(The Llano Estacado?).

Synonymy and Reference.

Cupidonia cupido var. *pallidicinctus*, Bd., Br. & Ridg. N. Amer. Bds., 3, 446; Coues' Bds. N. W., 420.

(*Bonasa*), Step.

Ruffed Grouse.

(*Bonasa umbellus*), Steph.

Habitat.—A woodland bird, like the species of *Tetrao*, abundantly distributed over eastern North America.

Synonymy and Reference.

Tetrao umbellus, Wils. Amer. Orn. 6, 46, Pl. 49; Nutt. Man. 1, 1840, 794, and Bds. Amer., 5, 1843, 73.

Bonasa umbellus, Coues' Key, 235; *Ibid.*, Bds. N. W., 420, Bd., Br. & Ridg. N. Amer. Bds. 3, 448. Elliott's Monograph.

Tetrao togatus of certain authors. Partridge, in the Northern States. Pheasant, in the Southern, incorrect and vulgar. The bird is neither a partridge nor pheasant, but a grouse.

Arctic Ruffed Grouse.

(*Bonasa Umbellus Umbelloides*) Bd.

Habitat.—the Rocky Mountain region.

Synonymy and Reference.

Tetrao umbelloides, Douglas.

Bonasa umbelloides, Elliott's Monograph.

Bonasa umbellus, Allen Bull., Mus. of Comp. Zoology, 3, 1872, 181.

Bonasa umbellus var. *umbelloides*, Coues' Key, 235; *Ibid.*, Bds. N. W., 421; Bd., Br. & Ridg. N. Amer. Bds., 3, 453.

Gray Ruffed Grouse, Mountain partridge, of writers.

Sabine's Grouse.

(*Bonasa Umbellus Sabini*), Bd.

Habitat.—Pacific Coast, North to Sitka.

Synonymy and Reference.

Tetrao Sabini, Douglas, Sw. and Rich. Fa. bor. Amer. 2, 1831, 343. Foot note.

Tetrao Umbellus, Newb.

Bonasa Sabini, Elliott's Monograph.

Bonasa Umbellus, var. *Sabini*, Coues' Key, 235; *Ibid.*, Bds. N. W. 421. Bd., Br. & Ridg. N. Amer. Bds., 3, 454.

Red Ruffed Grouse, Oregon Grouse, of writers.

(*Lagopus*) v.

The Ptarmigan.

Willow Ptarmigan.

(*Lagopus albus*) Aud.

Habitat.—British America, into northernmost United States.

Synonymy and Reference.

Tetrao albus, Gweln.

Tetrao saliceti, and Orn. Blog. 2, 1834, 528, Pl. 191.

Tetrao (Lagopus) saliceti, Sw. and Rich. Fa. Cor. Amer., 2, 1831, 351.

Lagopus albus, Nutt. Man., 1, 1840, 816; Aud., Bds. Amer., 5, 1842, 114; Coues' Key, 235; *Ibid.*, Bds. N. W., 429; Bd., Br. and Ridg., N. Amer. Bds., 3, 457; Elliott's Monograph.

Tetrao lagopus; *Tetrao lapponicus*.

Tetrao rehnsale; *Lagopus sublapponicus*.

Lagopus brachydactylus of authors.

Large Ptarmigan; White partridge.

White grouse; Willow grouse.

(Wood Grouse of the Norwegians).

Rock Ptarmigan.

(*Lagopus rupestris*), Leach.

Habitat.—Arctic America.

Synonymy and Reference.

Tetrao Rupestris, Aud., Orn. Blog., 4, 1838, 483, Pl. 368.

Tetrao (Lagopus) Rupestris, Sw. and Rich. Fa. bor. Amer., 2, 1831, 354, Pl. 64; also *tetrao (Lagopus) mutus*, 350.

Lagopus Rupestris, Nutt. Man., 1, 1840, 818; Aud., Bds. Amer. 5, 1842, 123; Coues' Key, 235; *Ibid.*, Bds. N. W., 430; Elliott's Monograph.

Lagopus mutus var. *Rupestris*, Bd., Br. and Ridg., N. Amer. Bds., 3, 462.

Attagen Rupestris; *Tetrao mutus*.

Lagopus mutus; *Lagopus Americanus*.

Lagopus Islandorum; *Lagopus Reinhardtii* et *Groenlandicus*.

Rock grouse; White Grouse.

White ptarmigan, of writers.

White-tailed Ptarmigan.

(*Lagopus leucurus*), Sw.

Habitat.—Of Alpine distribution in Western North America, from Arctic Regions to New Mexico, (Lat. 37°).

Synonymy and Reference.

Tetrao (Lagopus) leucurus, Sw. and Rich., Fa. bor. Amer., 2, 1831, 356; Nutt. Man. 1, 1840, 820.

Lagopus leucurus, Aud. Bds. Amer., 5, 1842, 125; Coues' Key, 236; *Ibid.* Bds. N. W., 425; Elliott's Monograph; Bd., Br. and Ridg., N. Amer. Bds., 3, 464.

White-tailed Grouse, writers.

NOTE.—A variety of the Dusky Grouse, *Tetrao obscurus fuliginosus*, Ridgway (the Oregon Dusky Grouse), is described in North American Birds, 3, 425.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A New Theory as to Deer in Wisconsin.

Mr. E. Stephens, United States Indian Agent at Kershens, Wis., claims that deer are steadily increasing in numbers every year, throughout the central and northern portions of that state. This is decidedly a new and novel theory and is in direct opposition to the popular opinion on this subject. Mr. Stephens' opinion is nevertheless entitled to the fullest consideration. He is an old citizen of Wisconsin, having lived in the state nearly thirty years, is an ardent sportsman, a man of excellent judgment and during all this time he has closely studied the nature and habits of the deer in its native wilds. He says he has carefully watched and noted the increase of the deer from year to year, and is fully satisfied that each year he can find a greater number of them in any given locality where they range, than he could in the previous year.

This seems almost incredible when we take into consideration the ruthless warfare that is being carried on against this species of game, by sportsmen and pot-hunters in and out of season. When we consider the number of tons of venison that are shipped over the various railroads penetrating the central and northern portions of the state every Fall and Winter, when we come to consider the quantity eaten by the residents of those localities and by the lumbermen; and then remember that each doe breeds but one or two young each year, it appears as if speedy and total extermination were the inevitable fate of the deer in all localities so readily reached by railroads as this.

Per contra, Mr. S. argues that owing to the dense and almost impenetrable undergrowth that covers the larger portion of these northern counties, successful still hunting, or in fact, any mode of deer hunting, is rendered impossible, and the game has opportunities of breeding in comparative security. This is true, and the great majority of those killed are only killed when they emerge from the thickets into the prairies or more open timber. He says that notwithstanding the vast numbers annually killed, there are still far greater numbers than are ever reached by the hunter, and that they rear their young faster than the old are killed off.

This is a subject in which all sportsmen are deeply interested, and we may sincerely hope that Mr. S. is correct in his statements. I am not prepared to join issue with him on the question, but cannot take the hopeful view of it that he does. I should be glad to hear from other readers of the CHICAGO FIELD who are in possession of important facts bearing on this question as to the correctness of Mr. Stephens' views. COQUINA.

Rifle.

THE LONG RANGE CHALLENGE CUP.—The cable of the 19th, says: In the shooting for the Long Range Challenge Cup at Dollymount, to-day seven Americans and ten Irishmen competed at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. Ten shots were allowed at each range, with two sighting shots. There was a drizzling rain and mist at first which much hindered the sighting shots. Rockwell, of the American team, retired after making six shots at the 800-yard range, in which he made 13, and Brown after his ninth shot at 900 yards with a score of 32. The rain ceased after the 900-yard range had been shot, but the sky continued overcast. A light fog came from the sea at the long range, and the bull's-eye could be but dimly observed through the sighting-glass. As the Americans are accustomed to shooting in good light it was admitted that to-day's practice could not be taken as a test of merit. The following is the score:

AMERICAN TEAM.				
	800	900	1,000	Total.
Farrow	48	46	44	138
Scott	48	47	37	132
Clarke	47	45	40	132
Jackson	42	47	42	131
Fisher	41	48	34	123
Brown	39	—	—	—
IRISH TEAM.				
Miller	50	45	48	143
William Rigby	49	49	45	143
John Rigby	47	47	46	140
Murphy	47	50	48	145
Hanks	43	44	36	123
Coghlan	43	50	39	132
Warren	42	56	—	—
Joynt	41	40	41	122
Johnson	42	40	34	116
Sullivan	37	41	—	—

Miller and William Rigby, being equal, will shoot again for the cup.

ENGLEWOOD RIFLE RANGE.—Editor Chicago Field:—The Englewood Rifle Club had a very satisfactory shoot at their range on June 12. The score showed a very marked improvement over former contests. The last shoot of the day, though only eight rounds were fired, owing to the fast gathering darkness, was the better of the two, as the score will show. A "distinguished visitor" in the person of Mr. Remington, "the man who makes the rifles" was on the ground a portion of the day. Next week I will try and give you a true history of the way the special shootist Hubbard came to have an idea, and of putting it into execution, and how he got up a rifle club at Englewood. Following are the scores; 300 yards, off-hand:

First Score.	
Prescott	3 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 4 36
Evans	3 0 2 4 3 4 3 3 5 4 31
Kimney	3 3 3 4 3 3 3 3 3 31
Douglas	4 3 4 3 4 5 3 4 4 36
Howard	4 5 5 3 4 4 4 4 4 41
Dr. Streeter	4 3 5 4 5 4 5 3 4 41
Pierpont	5 4 4 5 5 4 4 3 4 40
Mulvey	4 3 4 4 4 2 4 0 4 33
De LaMater	4 3 4 5 5 4 3 4 3 39
Roberts	4 3 4 3 5 4 3 3 5 40
Brayton	4 3 4 5 3 4 4 5 3 39
Rody	4 4 3 3 2 4 3 3 3 36
Glidden	4 3 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 41
Second Score.—Only eight rounds.	
Rich, Sr.	3 3 5 3 2 4 4 3 37
Prescott	3 4 4 5 5 4 5 4 34
Glidden	4 4 3 4 4 4 4 3 31
Brayton	3 4 3 3 3 5 5 3 35
Kimney	4 3 4 3 3 3 3 3 36
Rich, Jr., six shots	3 4 3 4 4 3 3 3 36
Colburn	5 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 36

BOSTON, MASS.—Editor Chicago Field:—The scores made at Walnut Hill on the 19th inst. are as follows, at 200 yards off-hand:

W. Charles	5 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 48
O. M. Jewell	5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 48
E. F. Richardson	5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 48
E. S. Bumstead	5 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 45
J. Nichols	5 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 46
E. F. Brooks	4 5 5 5 4 4 5 4 45
J. S. Bennett	5 4 4 4 5 5 5 4 45
E. James	5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 45
J. Borden	5 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 44
A. C. Gould	5 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 44
There were also seven shots each fired at the 500 yard range by the following "best scores":	
E. F. Richardson	5 5 5 5 3 4 4 31
Re-entry	4 5 4 5 5 2 30
E. James	4 4 5 4 5 3 30
Re-entry	4 3 3 4 5 4 27
W. Charles	5 5 3 4 5 3 29
J. S. Bennett	3 3 4 3 5 2 27
E. F. Brooks	3 4 4 2 5 4 27

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.—The New York Herald said a few days since: "If Irish courtesies to the American rifle team continue our representatives will almost feel it a matter of duty to be beaten at Dollymount." Of course this had no reference to the fog which caused our team such trouble on the 19th. We hope Col. Bodine will not allow the men to forget that Irish hospitality is always genuine and that when the American team is being feasted upon "the fat of the land" (which in and about Dublin is very rich) that they are not gaining in rest, nervous composure, and perfect condition of bone and muscle, which so materially aids "eyesight" on the day of the match. Let us rather hope that the friendship of the Green Isle-landers may not unwittingly (?) do our rifle team harm.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE TEAMS.—The cable of the 21st informs us that the American rifle team made a grand total of 1,738, that of the 18th being 1,748. These are the only days on which the Americans completed the full number of rounds at each range. On the 23d the Irish rifle team practiced at Dollymount. Mr. Rigby made a score of 218 out of a possible 223, being the highest score made during the present practice. The members of the American team were present, but only fired at one range, except Mr. Laird, who made 75, the highest possible at the 800 yard range, and 71 at the 900 yard range. The date for the international rifle match has been fixed for June 29.

FARROW'S GREAT SCORE.—The following are the individual scores of the Americans at Dollymount on June 17.

	800	900	1,000	Total.
Farrow	74	68	74	216
Clarke	72	69	70	211
Scott	74	63	64	201
Laird	72	68	60	200
Brown	71	68	60	199
Fisher	66	65	57	188
Rockwell	68	65	57	185
Rathbone	65	69	50	184
Jackson	63	59	—	122

Jackson whose rifle broke down did not fire his full complement of shots. Farrow the winner of the Albert prize of 1879 made an unprecedented record at the three ranges. When the news was communicated to his aged and adored mother living in New York, she was quite overcome.

THE CENTENNIAL TROPHY.—At a meeting of the Irish Rifle Association on the 17th, they considered the decision of the rifle association of America to exclude separate Irish teams from future matches for the centennial trophy. A resolution was passed condemning this alteration, and declaring that they could not recognize the power of the association to exclude teams from Ireland, Scotland and Australia, all of which nationalities participated in the first match, and thereby earned a right to enter subsequent ones.

RIFLE AT EDINBURGH.—The following are the scores of the international match at Edinburgh on the 15th inst.

	200	300	400	Total.
England	603	579	551	1,733
Scotland	604	563	533	1,700
Ireland	573	545	473	1,591

General Notes.

AQUATIC.

THE PROVIDENCE REGATTA.—The Hop Bitters Regatta at Seekonk, Rhode Island, took place on the 17th inst. The result was a surprise to the boating fraternity. Perhaps it was honest, perhaps it was pre-arranged. As to the fact we are unable to determine. The past few great events in the sporting world, seem to have gone hard with the favorites. Hanlan had been so used to winning that he did not think of defeat, and as he sat in his boat, pulling at a pace that would have taken him away from any previous competitor, the consciousness of a rival's presence alongside, caused a "stitch in the side," just as it has caused an everlasting and deadly sickness upon the part of Courtney. We do not doubt that Hanlan had a stitch in the side. When a man is suddenly surprised, in an exhausted physical condition, (which at its best, in this race was not good) and he is not able to recover or respond, nervous prostration or sickness, instantaneous in the mind, is the most natural physical result.

There are a few who have always held that Hanlan was invincible. Such a position is untenable. The history of man in the kaleidoscope changes of his life shows that none are so good but that some one else is found to be better. One gentleman who saw Hanlan defeated said just after the race at Providence:

"I have always maintained that any man who could hold Hanlan for a mile and a half could beat him in a three or four mile race, and Hanlan would 'break up' when he found a competitor who could give him a close race; and what I have maintained has come to pass."

The present case seems to point to the possibility of such a theory of Hanlan's ability, nerve and staying power being correct, although we do not incline to the belief.

Hanlan was not conditioned for such a race as Ross gave him. When he saw Boyd beaten—and he always knew he could beat Boyd easily—he felt sure of the result; but when a greater than Boyd drew up alongside he became a la Courtney.

The names, colors and positions of starters and winners follow:

- Amateurs.
 1—E. C. Holmes, of Pawtucket, blue and white.
 2—George Gaisel, of New York, dark blue band.
 3—Joseph Laing, of Montreal, black and white.
 4—John Buckley, of Portland, green band.
 5—Edward Hayden, of Boston, white band.
 6—T. Murphy, of Norwich, drab band.
 7—William Murray, of Portland, crimson.
 Holmes' time was 32m. 44s.; Gaisel's, 32m. 58s.; Laing third, time, 33m. 10s.; Buckley fourth, in 33m. 36s., and Hayden fifth, in 33m. 46s. Murray came home with the others and was announced as fourth man, but as he did not turn the stake was not entitled to any position. Murphy gave up the race at the two-mile stake.

Professionals.

1. Wallace Ross, of St. John, yellow band.
 2. George W. Lee, Newark, black and blue band.
 3. J. H. Riley, Saratoga, white shirt and red band.
 4. Horatio N. Delano, Boston, white shirt and cap.
 5. James A. Tenn Eyck, Peekskill, lavender.
 6. Frederick A. Plafsted, New York, blue band.
 7. John A. Kennedy, Portland, drab band.
 8. George H. Hosmer, Boston, red band.
 9. Jacob Gaudion, —, black band.
 10. James Dempsey, Geneva, green band.
 11. Robert Watson Boyd, England, green and white band.
 12. Edward Hanlan, Toronto, blue shirt and white handkerchief.
 The time of the three winners is as follows: Ross, 29 min. 54 sec.; Riley, 30 min. 30 1/2 sec.; Ten Eyck, 30 min. 58 sec.

BILLIARDS.

NOTES.—At last Slosson has won a first place in a match. He is the Courtney of the billiard world in one sense, in that he has always had bad luck. Slosson has—with his usual bad temper—a wonderful amount of pluck—mistaken by his non-partisan friends for self-assurance. His Paris record now meets its first reward. It is true that in climbing the ladder of fame billiard players like rounds of applause. Slosson was carried from the hall on the shoulders of admirers who had not misplaced their confidence for the first time. Schaefer did not know Slosson was going to play so well. He was beaten fairly, and congratulated Slosson like a man. Schaefer does not begrudge him the honor, and Slosson has earned it. We hope it will do him good. He came into the hall sick and won by good luck. He must admit that this was good luck, for in his previous efforts he says "luck is always against me." It has changed. The favorites have had hard luck for several days. Hanlan did not win stacks of money, neither did Schaefer. The third regular contest at the champion's game of billiards for the championship of America and \$1,000 took place at Tammany Hall between Jacob C. Schaefer and George F. Slosson on the 19th inst. The game was called at 8.23 and closed at 10.27 o'clock. The score was as follows:

Slosson—0, 3, 8, 1, 1, 2, 9, 0, 2, 77, 18, 26, 3, 14, 1, 198, 1, 0, 0, 236—600.
 Schaefer—12, 2, 0, 5, 1, 19, 21, 8, 4, 101, 114, 3, 1, 4, 4, 38, 66, 0, 60—470.
 Winner's average, 30; loser's average, 24 14-19.

CHICAGO FIELD

The American Sportsman's Journal.

Published by the Chicago Field Publishing Co.

Four dollars a year; two dollars for six months; one dollar for three months; strictly in advance. Money should be sent by Postal Order, Draft on Chicago, or by Registered Letter.

The Trade supplied by the Western News Co. Communications must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, and not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith, and all communications, upon any subject, or for any department, must be addressed

N. ROWE.

Editor and Manager Chicago Field,

155 & 157 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

NEW YORK OFFICE:—No. 31 Park Row, New York City.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1880.

CAME IN NORTHWESTERN MINNESOTA.

A private letter to us from Charles Hallock, Esq., late chief proprietor of *Forest and Stream*, and dated at Hallock, Kittson county, Minnesota, where he is engaged in promoting a farming and sportsmen's colony on an improved plan of organization, says:

"I hope to be in Chicago in three weeks to buy some street lamps for our town, which is the busiest, most thriving and most promising of any in the Northwest, and shall then not fail to visit the CHICAGO FIELD office. Our town site is delightfully located on a beautiful, swift and crooked river, which is belted with ash, elm, oak, poplar and linden, and encloses it in a semi-circular embrace, thereby affording the best natural advantages for laying out a park with winding drives, clumps of shrubbery, quiet arbors, and cottage sites—a scheme which is included in the general plan, to provide Summer and Autumn homes for sportsmen in the season of sport. There is no such game region to be found anywhere else, for not only do the curlews, the mallards, the snipes, the plovers, and the grouse, breed here in great varieties and countless numbers, but also many sub-arctic species whose southern limit lies on this boundary. Besides the avifauna, we have the strange agglomeration of black talls, red deer, moose, caribou and elk, all together in one group—a condition which does not seem to exist in any other part of the globe! All the way to the north and northwest of us—in the great Athabasca region, in the undeveloped Northwest territory, in Washington Territory, and British Columbia, are vast caribou barrens, where these noble Cervidae grow fat on the succulent moss which clothes the earth knee deep with its white and cream-colored spicules, and forest seclusions in which the moose browse undisturbed, and the report of rifle has never been heard. This is the future hunting reservation for venturesome sportsmen, when all others are exhausted, and the town of Hallock, afar off on the northern frontier of the United States, and within eighteen miles of the Queen's dominions, is only on its threshold!

"The south branch of Two Rivers, on which the town is located, runs westward from a point one hundred miles east of it, but with many a sinuous twist and turn, and one may get into my Osgood canoe here at the railroad bridge and penetrate into an unknown country in the course of one day's travel; for the surveyor has never run his lines more than thirty miles to the eastward of us. Up this stream, twenty miles away, those sportsmen who may visit us in the Autumn will find a comfortable shooting-box where they can house themselves at night; or they can camp on the open prairie close to the line of timber, with fire-wood and delicious water in abundance. There will be guides enough to attend the sportsmen—and shoot the game for them, if necessary! The most fastidious may take John Swainson, my partner and joint proprietor of the town, an excellent naturalist and scholar, a Swede by birth, but twenty-seven years a resident of the United States, who was educated at the University of Upsala, and speaks a half dozen languages; or they may employ Fred Garlick, a German, who is the best deer hunter in the county; or Samati, the half-breed Indian; or any one of the many hundred French half-breed Crees, who reside in the province of Manitoba, just north of us.

"For feathered game we have ruffed grouse and wood ducks in the timber, and sharp-tails on the prairie, with a fair sprinkling of ptarmigan in the late Fall. To the south of us lies an extensive tract of low land where the mallards breed, and the sickle-bill curlews, with bills from five to nine inches long, the jack curlew, and the lesser curlew, called *numenius borealis*. In passing over by the railroad we constantly startle these birds from their nests, and it is both a delight to the sportsman and an aggravation to see the beautiful ducks and drakes in pairs, sail away to the right or left, hover awhile, wheel and settle in the grass. Occasionally we meet a Canada goose or a sandhill crane. In the Autumn the air will swarm with them on their diurnal flights, and the sloughs will be black with others feeding.

"We have feared that the sharp-tailed grouse will be scarce next shooting season, for the long continued copious rains have drowned out many a goodly nest and brood, and the fatal breaking ploughs have buried hundreds under many thousand acres of sods; but now we discover that the birds are nesting a second time, and our hopes and expectations revive. To indicate the abundance of these delicious birds, I may state that Mr. Swainson last Fall bagged twenty-two brace in two hour's shooting, without a dog. Where the prairie had been burned over they could be seen in clusters hundreds of yards away, and so tame that the gunner could walk them down and shoot them sitting.

"We have two Canadian ornithologists here, who are resident surveyors, and combine the study of natural history with their professional duties. They remark a marvelous variety of song birds, as well as of snipe and plover, including an arctic species. There are blackbirds of rare plumage and song, bobolinks, turtle doves, grosbeaks, warblers, gulls, hawks, whip-poor-wills, etcetera.

"The angler can also find good sport here, for the river abounds in the toothed herring, or golden mooneye, which is scientifically known as *hyodon chrysops*, taking either bait or fly. It is of a silvery hue, something like the lake whitefish in general appearance, and very palatable. There are also wall-eyed pike, pickerel, great catfish of two kinds, and many of the sucker family. At a distance are black bass.

"The growth of towns in this Red River valley is marvelous. Districts swarm with population, which were without inhabitants five years ago. Hallock has a goodly population where there was only bare prairie eighteen months since. There are many wealthy resident farmers here, who have already broken 5,000 acres this spring, and 150 horses are yet at work turning up the sod. Next year we expect to raise and ship 800,000 bushels of wheat, and the hotel accommodations, elevators and stores, which are now in progress of construction, are not one whit too soon to provide

for coming necessities. The great hotel here is going up rapidly. It is 85x73 feet in dimensions, with four large stores underneath, all of which are rented in advance of completion. Each railroad train brings new land lookers to the station. The principal elements are Canadians and Swedes. What we want now first of all is a good landlord, with a capital of about \$4,000 to furnish and run the hotel. To a proper man I can guarantee a full house and large profits from the beginning. There are three large boarding-houses here, all constantly filled to overflowing. The individual cash receipts of each of which must be at least \$150 per week. In the Fall we shall have, in addition to resident and transient population, a large influx of sportsmen and their families from the East, who are looking anxiously for good hotel accommodations.

"I pray you, friend Rowe, send us a landlord!"
"I could yarn out this screed indefinitely with statistics of this marvelous western growth. Thousands of harvesting implements of latest improvements crowd the great distributing centers; trains come loaded with emigrants, who settle like flights of grasshoppers on their chosen claims; the prairie grows black with upturned sod, like the shadows of clouds resting upon it. Railroad corporations are earnestly pushing out great trunk lines to meet the requirements of transportation, and to reap a share of the profits now monopolized by a few pioneer corporations. The St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad, which passes through the town of Hallock, has earned in the last ten months one million and a quarter of dollars above its expenses. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad is the favorite line of travel from Chicago at present, and has most complete connections with the great emigration depots of the sea-board. Its branches spread out and ramify in all directions. Its equipments and appointments for travelers are luxurious for the rich, and most comfortable for the penurious or parsimonious emigrant. For the latter there are passenger cars of the same class as accommodate the common public, with special rates ridiculously low. The policy of this great corporation is very liberal, and is earning it hosts of friends. Competition can never seriously affect its interests.

"When you come West next Fall to hunt with me, take this road. From Chicago to Manitoba, all along its main stem and connections will be found the best hunting and fishing places in the West, no matter whether they be in Wisconsin, Iowa, or Minnesota. Should your curiosity be sufficiently aroused, meanwhile I will gladly give more information, for I am permanently located here, and you will find my latch-string out until October. Bidding you *au revoir*, I remain as ever

"Fraternally yours,
"CHARLES HALLOCK."

A BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION.—Mr. Chas. E. Felton, of this city, has just added to his beautiful collection of game birds two new cases from the hands of Mr. James Booth, of Drummondville, Ontario, a taxidermist, who has prepared several cases for the Prince of Wales and other noted personages, and who has no superior in this or any other country in the elegance of his designs, the arrangement and disposition of his specimens, and in the happy scenic blending of his birds with the landscape which forms the base and the background of the case itself. The cases are each four feet long, three feet six inches wide, and eighteen inches deep. The landscape represents Winter, with her snow covered hills and valleys, varied by evergreen and other forest trees; and the disposition of the specimens is such that the birds are only noticeable as parts of a beautiful painting, and not, as in the ordinary collection of specimens, the only feature of the work of the taxidermist. One case contains a pair each of *Tragopan Salix*, (Horned Pheasant, from Nepal, in the East Indies,) and a pair of *Tetrus Tetrix*, (Black Cock from Scotland.) The other case contains a pair each of *Phasianus Colchicus*, (English Pheasant,) *Lagopus Scoticus*, (Red Grouse) and *Perdix Coturnix*, (Quail,) all shot in England.

THE JOCKEY CLUB MEETING.—On Saturday last the first Summer racing meeting of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club commenced. As we go to press on Tuesday night we can only give the two first day's races in detail, and the result of Tuesday's races. The meeting, up to the time we write, has been a brilliant success. The quality of the horses was most forcibly demonstrated by the sharp and spirited contests from beginning to end, in many instances at the finish there being only a head's difference between first and second horses. The second meeting commences on the 30th inst. and ends Monday, July 5, the day the Fourth will be celebrated. On that day there are four excellent races, in which the best horses are engaged; one race, mile heats, three in five.

WHO IS HE?—We have received a letter from Dr. Holmes, president of the Michigan State Sportsmen's Association, relative to the statement, which we quoted from a correspondent, in our last issue, that bitter complaints were made in the northern portion of Michigan that a prominent sportsman (?), who resides in Grand Rapids, killed mallard ducks at any and all times. As the doctor's letter came to hand too late for publication this week, we shall be compelled to omit it until next week. We hope the doctor's letter will have the effect of bringing before the public the name of this Michigan law breaker.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR A LANDLORD.—It will be seen by reference to Mr. Charles Hallock's letter, from Hallock, Kittson county, Minnesota, which we print in this issue, that very glowing inducements are held out to any landlord of experience and a little capital, to take charge of a new hotel at that place, which is now in process of erection and under contract to be completed on August 15. We shall be happy to furnish references and information on application. The scheme strikes us as being most favorable.

A SPORTSMAN'S LODGE AT SPIRIT LAKE, IA.—The many advantages which Spirit Lake, Ia., possesses as a sportsman's resort, have not received that attention which the place justly merits. The fishing in its waters, and the shooting to be found in the surrounding country in season, cannot be surpassed. Mr. W. W. Reynolds announces in our advertising columns that he has established a camp at this place, for the entertainment of sportsmen.

A FLAGRANT OUTRAGE.—The acquittal of Jim. Currie, the murderer of Porter, at Marshall, Texas, is the most flagrant outrage we know of, excepting the murder of Porter in cold blood, by Jim Currie. We do not believe in violence, but we should consider that, but retributive justice, which should rid Texas of the curse of this red-handed murderer Currie, a ruffian who should have been hung long ago.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF THE DOG.—In this issue we publish Chapter XV of the Illustrated Book of the Dog, by Vero Shaw. As no illustration of the Dandie Dinmont terrier accompanied this chapter we publish the engraving of Mr. James Lockes' Doctor and Tip Mumps, excellent illustrations of the breed, which originally appeared in Stonehenge's Dogs of the British Islands.

WHO CAN BEAT IT!—At the Raymond Club (Boston, Mass.) grounds the other day Mr. Wm. B. Witherell shot at forty single and thirty pairs of double balls, from a Card rotary trap, and broke ninety-nine straight, only missing the last one of the double balls. Who can beat it?

THE SOUTH END BADGE.—The regular shoot for the South End Shooting Club's badge, will take place at Kleinman's Shooting Park, Grand Crossing, Friday, July 9th.

Game and Shooting.

Fixtures.

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association Meeting, Newark, N. J., June 29, 30, and July 1 and 2.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association, at call of the president.
Central Illinois Sportsman's Association, Jacksonville, Sept. 14.

Indicating Experiences in the Carolinas.

Keen of hearing, Argus eyed,
Fleet of foot and strong of pinion,
Lordly strutter, ranging wide,
Claim the forest, thy dominion!

Where the dingle shades lie deep,
Straight toward heaven the pine tree towers,—
Safe aloft thy vigil keep,
While the pale moon tells the hours.

Ere the stars have hid their light,
Crash! a giant bough is breaking;
Nay, 'twas thy descending flight;
Hark, thy plaint the echoes wailing!

Gathered in the sylvan glen,
Count thy squadron, in the gloaming,
Glancing with suspicious ken,
At the squirrel early roaming.

Dainty mast, the woodland floor
To thy busy feet discloses;
Where the brooklet brimeth o'er,
Sip thy fill, for naught opposes.

Hie thee, next, where rosy morn
Just has touched with radiant fingers
Yonder hill-top, where forlorn
On the oak, the dead leaf lingers.

Thence behold the verdant mead,
Where, but yesternorn, the tolling
Farmer scattered precious seed,
Reckless not thy bold despoiling.

Thither soon, on sturdy wing,
Over tree-top, bluff and river,
Lo! thy clan is hastening,
Straight as shafts drawn from the quiver.

How upon thy great humped back
Myriad sun-rays glance and glisten.
Stoop thy hungry claw to pack,
Pluck, and look! Then pluck, and listen!

Useless caution. Fear no ill;
Slumbering ploughboys threat no danger;
Heed not that, in Autumn chill,
Bos will mourn by empty manger.

Nearly sated, more at ease,
Lazily the gang is nodding,
Basking in dull reveries,
O'er the furrows aimless plodding.

Leader! why that sudden stare?
Why one dozen eyeballs peering
Toward where, haply, nature's care
Clumps of green hair been appearing?

Hist! a rustling—Bang! Not one
Moment for investigation
Take they: all the dozen gone,
Leaving me to meditation.

"Where?" I gasp in blank dismay.
Saith he: "Where the woodbine twineth,
"Ween I, several miles away."
Sadly then his head reclineth.

Iron-crusted panoply
Guards thy gleazard! Exit (bravo!);
Stoppeth not, for "double B,"
Meleagrie Gallopavo.

New York, March, 1880.

THEO. F. C. DEMAREST.

A Buffalo Hunt.

BY FAITHFUL.

Although in the Fall of 1865, after getting out of the army, I made a trip of nine weeks' duration with an ox train from Omaha to Denver, mostly on purpose to see the prairie, as described by Cooper, and its wild inhabitants, it happened that on the whole trip we did not see, and far less kill a single buffalo. On the contrary we had good luck in not getting killed by the hostile Sioux, then on the war path in the district we passed through. We left Omaha December 29, and it was supposed that the herds of buffalo had gone toward their Winter quarters. Since then I have lived mostly in Nebraska, and although an ardent sportsman, it was for several years one of my unfulfilled desires to see the buffalo in their wild state, and at least to kill one before they became extinguished, or so scarce that the passionate hunter absolutely must follow them into remote wilds. It was, therefore, my intention to spend a couple of weeks in the Fall of 1873 for this purpose; but sooner and easier than I expected, I was to have the satisfaction of a successful buffalo hunt.

On the fourth day of August I was at the station Lowell, in Kearney county, on matters connected with the U. S. Land Office, then located there. Getting through early in the morning with my business, I had to spend a whole day waiting for the next train. This was more than I could stand; and I therefore

proposed a trip fifteen miles south of the station, [for at least to see the buffaloes, which the day before had been there in large numbers, and one even having been killed by parties then in our hotel. We soon made up a party of six besides myself, and each should pay the driver one dollar for the trip. It was thundering in the morning and it threatened very much to be a rainy day, but about ten o'clock it cleared off, and we started after getting a lunch from the landlord, consisting of two biscuits per head, with butter and some dry buffalo meat of the cow killed the day before. I must say to his honor that he did not forget to charge us half a dollar each for the two biscuits. A gentleman, who had been out on the hunt the preceding day, was so clever as to provide a big jug of water for the party, kept cool in a box of ice wrapped in a gunny sack. I provided a sufficient supply of snake medicine for the crowd, in order to be able to drink on a lucky hunt, or, at least, to be able to get a smell after its hardships. We had driven half an hour through the sand hills when I pulled out the bottle, but I had got in the wrong boat or rather wagon for such business. The two first I offered it refused flatly with some disparaging remarks. This must have scared the others for number three and four followed in the same wake and "never drank whiskey," so that I already commenced to believe myself to be uncommonly wicked, and when number five and six and the driver as number seven also refused, I was nearly weighed down with my own unworthiness, and with a forced laugh I drank to my own luck on the hunt and hurriedly concealed the tempter in my shooting bag. But strange things happen under the sun. We had not driven another half hour before number two who had held a kind of temperance sermon for me, asked me where I had that bottle and what was in it. He never drank whiskey except as medicine, but just now he felt so queer in his stomach. I was fool enough to let him have the bottle, of which he took a most hearty drink, and with the exception of the driver and number five, the whole company either also had pain in the stomach or for some other reason borrowed the bottle just a moment. When the bottle was returned to me, I was simply astonished with the result of the efforts of temperance men drinking medicine. I found so little left in the bottle that I concluded wisely to keep it for myself if I should need it before the day was ended. I do not want to impress my readers with the idea that I am an intemperate man myself, or a defender of intemperance, and on a day's hunt I should at any time prefer a cup of coffee for "a drink," but if you like to put me down as a hater of abominable hypocrisy in all its forms, I will give you the right to do so, and I give you my word as a sportsman, that I have not exaggerated the above related incidents in the least, but related them simply as they happened; nor am I through with my temperance crowd yet. However I must state to the honor of our brotherhood that I was not in company with regular sportsmen, but with a mixed crowd from a hotel, of which some not even carried rifles but came along to see the fun.

In all we had five rifles of the most various sizes and patterns. I had a Sharp's carbine which carries a pretty large bullet. The weather became very pleasant, that is clear and windy without excess of heat. For the first six miles we passed through a very desolate country or the so-called and veritable Sand Hills; but having passed the springs of the Little Blue river we came into a fine country now justly celebrated for its excellent and beautiful lying farming land. About ten miles south of Lowell we discovered a dark object ahead of us and some of the party thought it was a buffalo but the others laughed and said that it was a wagon or horseman. Singularly enough although the day before there was seen a great many buffaloes in the same district, for a long time we did not see the least sign of them. We drove mile after mile, but no buffaloes were to be seen and I already thought that we would not see any the whole day. About fifteen miles south of Lowell we concluded to turn to the west, and as we did so we saw about five miles north of us, just where we came from, a dark movable object coming towards us. Never have I seen an animal move so quickly on dry land; it was almost as if it was flying. In an incredibly short time the animal passed us at about a mile's distance and was shortly after out of sight. We then all agreed that it was a buffalo cow or large calf and the same which we had seen an hour before, but that we then had lost sight of it in a draw. Shortly after we saw a wagon about three miles south coming towards us, nearly at the same time we discovered at a still further distance four buffaloes hunted by a man on horseback. The wagon turned off, as we thought for joining in the hunt, and a little after we saw that a shot was fired. (Remember that on the slightly rolling prairie you can see the smoke of firearms at a greater distance than you can hear the report.) The whole was soon out of sight and on the wide prairie there was not the least sign of other buffaloes to be seen. We then drove a couple of miles west to the top of a slightly sloping hill from where we hoped to discern some prey. Antelopes now were seen in large numbers, but they kept at the respectful distance of at least a thousand yards. Arrived at the top of the hill we halted to feed the horses, as it was nearly noon, and getting very warm. Yet no buffaloes to be seen and we all felt considerable disappointed. One of the company offered his chance of killing a buffalo for 50 cts. and another his for even 10 cts. and surely I also thought that we stood not a chance to see them. There were, however, plenty of antelopes to be seen on the neighboring hills, and a couple of hunters left the camp to try their luck on them, but returned soon after because they could not come near them. Having arranged that the team should come west after feeding, a Mr. Doolittle and myself left camp. As it now was getting very warm, I left my coat and shooting bag in the wagon, and carried the cartridges loose, or rather in boxes in the pockets of my pantaloons. We soon reached the top of the nearest hill, but saw nothing except a couple of antelopes, that were watching us more than we watched them. On the way to the next hill, before which there was a rather deep draw or ravine, I suddenly discovered on a little hill, some large animals between me and the draw, and without giving myself time to see whether it was deer, elk, or buffaloes, I instantly threw myself flat in the grass and motioned to my comrade that he should do the same. When he came up to me, he said it was buffaloes I had seen. How did my heart beat by hearing this. For once in my life I had a chance to kill one of those monarchs of the prairie. Taking advantage of a slight hill we crawled on our knees and elbows over 200 yards, but when I thought we were surely within range, and rose up, I was astonished not to see the least trace of the buffaloes. They must have seen or smelled us as we crawled in the grass, or for other reasons they had run into the draw. However, we soon discovered the back of one and shortly after of three more in the ravine. A short time we laid still to regain our breath, and during this time, the four buffaloes, in place of following the ravine, came entirely out of it, and very slowly came toward us, and stopped in the edge of a meadow, or so-called lagoon. We concluded to advance. The ground was very much against us, as it consisted of a gentle slope clear down to the lagoon, behind which was the ravine, that on the west side had rather steep sides. After all I up to this time had seen of the buffaloes, that is the young buffaloes, fleet running and the swiftness wherewith the four specimens now before me, had ran down into the draw, when I thought them to be within shooting distance, I had a good right to believe that we would not come near them on level ground, but

that they would discover us, and make their escape in the ravine. The wind, however, was in our favor, as it came straight from the game to us, and the circumstance that it was the warmest time of the day, and the animals probably wanted to rest, must also have been favorable. Three of the buffaloes stood motionless, and to all appearance entirely dull, with their head turned to the north, and the fourth had laid down in the edge of the lagoon. On hand and knees and moving the rifles ahead of us, we crawled about 200 yards nearer. To my great surprise, the buffaloes did not discover us at all, although they could see us the whole time, crawling in the grass. Even if I should live to be 100 years old, I do not believe I should forget the anxiety I was in, or the interest I felt in the hunt.

The surety now for once to have the so much desired game within rifle shot, and the doubt if I should succeed to fell it, put me in a singular mood. However, I would try my best, and all sorrow and trouble was forgotten; indeed, at present for me there only existed the four buffaloes in the whole world, and I was going to kill one of them if it cost—yes, if it cost my life. I was now within 250 yards of the game (the largest I ever had seen), and I enjoyed looking at it while I again rested to regain my breath, well knowing that it was impossible to shoot well with a rifle when panting. Mr. Doolittle was over 100 yards behind me and I therefore waited for him. When he came up we agreed to get as near as each of us could and then take our chances, and also that he should shoot at one of the buffaloes to the left, and I at one of those to the right. This was done in order to avoid the vexation of us both killing the same game. When hunting I do not know anything more unpleasant than when this happens. Every one who shoots thinks that he killed the game, and none of the shooters have any satisfaction at all. I have made it a rule never to count or take any game when another hunter shoots at it at the same time with me. Notwithstanding I had declared earlier in the day how eager I was for a shot at buffalo, I would sooner not shoot at all than shoot with other hunters at the same animal.

We were now near the lagoon, on the other side of which the buffaloes stood. A lagoon in Nebraska, in Summer time, is a mixture between a meadow and a lake, and has always, even when under water, solid bottom, allowing a team to cross. I reached the lagoon before Mr. D. was half way, and as I now was within easy rifle shot I did not remember him any more than if he had never been born. However, I intended the buffaloes to come as near as possible before shooting. The reason for this was that I had heard the most contradictory stories about killing a buffalo that well could be imagined. One would tell me that the first bullet would roll a buffalo over, while another equally trustworthy hunter had told me that he and his party had put over twenty bullets through a buffalo before it fell or even escaped them. One would tell me that it took no more of hunter's skill to kill a buffalo than to kill a cow, and that it was not more dangerous to kill an old bull than to shoot a sheep, while another would tell that few animals were wilder and more dangerous than a wounded buffalo bull. However, I was now ready to take a dose of experience of my own. The lagoon on my side was full of water; but without hesitation I waded in knee deep, and proceeded to cross it, bending my back as much as possible, and carrying the rifle low. Some tall yellow flowers with which the lagoon was filled, and which swung their long, slender stems to and fro in the wind, made this easier than I had expected, and to my surprise the buffaloes remained motionless. The west side of the lagoon, where the buffaloes were, was found to be dry and as soon as I arrived at dry land, I looked around for my comrade, in order to give him an equal chance with me; but he was far behind and tried to crawl round the north end of the lagoon. Then for the game. The buffaloes were hardly over 100 yards from me and the one that was lying down was still nearer. Such a result of half an hour's exertions was surely more than I or any other hunter had a right to expect, especially on ground where the game all the time could have seen us; and as before mentioned, I can only explain it thereby that the buffaloes had been hunted, and being tired, needed rest, and thereby that the wind came from their side and not from ours. Having panted out, I took a good aim on the largest of the animals and fired. A dead sound which I heard immediately after, nearly as "bub," told me that the bullet had hit, but to my surprise the wounded animal showed not the least sign of anger or pain. The only thing I could discover was that it twisted its short tail together. I had expected that all four buffaloes would run away as quick as they could, or else that the wounded bull would attack me, but nothing of this happened. They only turned their heads toward me and remained standing while the one that was lying down slowly raised itself and went to the others. I had soon loaded the breech-loading carbine and fired again at the wounded animal. The same sound as before told that also this bullet had hit, but there was no visible effect thereof. The buffaloes now turned to the south, and on a slow run went into the ravine, and up again on the other side. It cannot be denied that I felt awfully disappointed and that my reputation as a good marksman with the rifle had, in my own eyes, suffered considerably, and I believe for sure that I already, for my consolation, took the benefit of the old trick to lay all the blame on the rifle. My comrade now hallooed for me and I waited till he came round the lagoon. He told me that he plainly heard that my bullets had hit and that he also had shot, which I had not at all observed. We both now hurried over the ravine in the same direction as the buffaloes had taken, and arriving at the hill on the other side thereof we saw all four buffaloes standing on another hill about 250 or 300 yards away. They were standing on the top of the hill and could in a moment be out of sight. As quick as possible I raised the sight to 300 yards and shot at the buffalo farthest back which I thought was the one I had wounded. After the shot the same sound as before but weaker, on account of the distance, was heard, but the buffalo stood motionless, while the other three trotted to the south. I commenced swearing at the rifle and my own want of skill, when at once the wounded animal turned the legs in the air and rolled over, laying motionless on the ground. With a hurrah I ran toward the fallen animal as fast as I could, but Mr. Doolittle hallooed to me to load my rifle which I in my fervor had forgotten; having done this, I went to my quarry. The bullet had hit on the right spot and the buffalo was dead as a herring. My other two bullets were found right close together, but about six inches too far back. There is no doubt however that they would have finished the animal without the third as the loss of blood was very great. I felt as proud as a king while looking on my game, and this desire for so many years felt was satisfied. Had the buffalo escaped, I should have felt vexed over it for a long time. The other hunters in the meantime had their dinner and came with the team toward us, and Mr. Doolittle started out to bring them to the place where the buffalo lay. It was a proud one of its kind I had killed, a seven year old bull. The head with the ten inch long hair between the horns was simply enormous. The neck and upper part of the back until in line with the forelegs was woolly like the well-known robes, while from there back it was smooth like a horse-skin, (remember it was in the Summer time when buffaloes are never killed for their hides). The tail was very small and pretty, and in the centre no thicker than a finger, and with a nice little tuft on the end. When the other hunters came to the spot, I thought that I had earned my hunter's drink and took my game bag out of the wagon. Think of my disgust

when I found that the temperance crowd had not left a drop in the bottle. In place thereof I drank a great deal of ice water out of the jug, and with great satisfaction I noticed the difference between it and the warm lagoon water which I sometimes had been compelled to drink on the prairie. Three of us tried to turn the buffalo over on the other side but one more had to take hold before we could do it. We soon found the first two bullets and cut them out as they were visible inside the skin on the opposite side of where they entered. One of them was unhurt, but the other was flattened entirely on one side of the point. We had no axe or saw with us, in fact nothing but pocket knives. For this reason I had to give up my desire to get the colossal head cut off and have it stuffed. With some difficulty the other men cut the two hind quarters off, packed them in the wagon, and as we had a long way home they insisted on a departure from the scene. In time for supper we reached Lowell, I probably being the only contented person in the crowd. Up to this day I consider this my best sporting success on one day's hunt, and well have I reason to do this, when it is remembered that we were entirely unprepared for hunting in the morning and that I had only an inferior rifle. Kenesaw, Neb.

Sport in Western Virginia.—Hunt No. 1.

BY REUTER.

Many persons, turned by wonderful letters from tourists in the Old World, and the *clat* of traveling abroad, cross the Atlantic and leave behind them, in this, their own country, scenes that in grandeur and magnificent beauty would fairly outlive the trans-Atlantic world. These people remind me of a youth, who, on seeing a beautiful flower on some high and dizzy cliff, climbs to pluck it, without being aware that more enviable and beautiful ones bloom at its base. It is all very well to travel abroad; but would it not be quite as laudable, and oftentimes as instructive, to make first the tour of one's own country? I was led to these reflections by frequent trips through the valleys and mountains of Western Virginia. The mountains are not as imposing in height and proportion as in many other parts of our country; but for beautiful works, vales, cascades, streams, and rare curiosities, will vie with the finest. A friend and myself left Washington city, one Fall, on a month's vacation, our intention being to spend it hunting and fishing through the valleys and mountains of Western Virginia.

One beautiful morning in the latter part of October, found my friend and self safely and comfortably ensconced in the smoking car on the Point of Rocks R. R., whirling past houses, farms and forests at a rapid rate. We smoked and talked of our anticipated pleasure, when we reached our final destination, until we arrived at Harper's Ferry. There are traces of the late war still to be seen along the line of the railroad from Washington to Harper's Ferry. The old house in which John Brown made his stand is still there, and is one of the first curiosities (?) pointed out to visitors at the Ferry. One of the finest iron railroad bridges in the country is built across the water at the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers.

We changed cars at the Ferry, and after a few hours' ride arrived at a small town called Woodstock, which point was the terminus of our journey by rail. We found some friends awaiting us, and were escorted to their home, where a magnificent dinner was spread for our especial benefit. After doing justice to the excellent repast we took a stroll through the town, which is a very old one, if not very large, the population being about two hundred only. It is quite an active little place; their principal business is dealing in produce. We stopped there over night; the next morning we were up before day, had our breakfast, and each of us mounted on a good horse, with an extra one to carry our baggage (sent to us by our friends on the other side of the mountain), started for Lost River valley. The route is a long and tedious one, and lies directly across the North mountain, twenty-six miles. At noon we stopped near a large spring, for luncheon, within sight of Whistler's iron furnace (the scenes of the riot last Fall or Winter).

When about to resume our journey, my dog, which had been running about and acting as if he had winded game, came to a stand by the side of an old stump. I had my gun in an instant, for I knew his nose never deceived him, and was beside him in a few seconds. I hid him on, when a fine old cock pheasant arose and went driving through the bushes. I stopped his career in very short order, and sent Scott (my dog) to retrieve him, when wh-r-r-r up went another, but he dropped at the report of my gun. I hung the brace to my saddle and we continued our journey.

I will not dwell on the magnificent and imposing scenery we constantly beheld when crossing the mountain, but suffice to say that it is a subject that might be dwelt on for, aye; poets and artists might describe and paint for ages, and still half of the wondrous and beautiful would remain untold.

Near the top of the great North mountain is a spring, very near to the center of the road, the water of which is exceedingly cold even in mid-summer, although it is not protected from the sun's rays by any shade whatever. This spring descends on the west side of the mountain into a deep glen (between the mountain and a very high ridge), and into a large receptacle, formed by nature for it, where it forms the Trout pond, a large body of water, oblong in shape, of an area of about one and a half acres, and said to be sixty or more feet in depth. I shall speak of this pond and other curiosities in its vicinity at some future time. At the foot of the mountain we saw "turkey signs" in the sand which looked fresh. We were on the *quiver* at once. R. beat through the bushes and scrub oaks in hopes of getting some of them up, but only succeeded in flushing a covey of partridges out of which he secured a brace. We concluded not to follow them, as we were anxious to reach our destination, which we did by four o'clock p. m. of the same day.

We stopped at the home of Mr. Jos. Branson, a beautiful and large house situated on a little hill and surrounded by splendid shade trees; a fine arbor of woodbine stands in front of the house, where innumerable birds of all descriptions flitted to and fro, singing constantly, as if bidding us a hearty welcome to that beautiful place.

"You ought to have been here earlier in the day, boys," said our host, after the usual hand-shaking, etc., had taken place; "the dogs ran a big buck into the river, and there was no one there to kill him. All of us were too busy to leave here, so he just crossed over and went up the mountain." We echoed his wish with a hearty good will, and hoped it would not be many days before the dogs repeated the same operation, and thought we would hardly be too busy to leave, for the purpose of killing him, if possible. Mr. B. ushered us into the large and spacious dining-room, where we were welcomed by the ladies of the house. We retired shortly after supper to our room, where we found everything prepared for our comfort and were soon in the arms of Morpheus.

We awoke the next morning feeling much refreshed by our night's rest, and after making a hasty toilet, descended the grand old stairway, and strolled out doors to witness the sun rise over the mountain, which was a grand sight. We were shortly summoned to breakfast, where we found the birds, killed on our

journey over, broiled to a turn, which we certainly enjoyed eating, as well as we did bagging them the day previous.

Breakfast over, we started out on our first hunt that season, through the mountains. Autumn was just in its glory, the maples were of that beautiful gold and red, which has been the subject for artists, both of pen and pencil, for ages. The mountain slopes were rich in all the colors with which Autumn bedecks her garments. Lofly rocks like pinnacles of some gigantic temple, loomed out here and there, amid this carnival of forests; many of them reached so far up into space, it seemed as if they were striving to span that immeasurable distance, between earth and sky; reminding us of descriptions of ancient castles; so that in imagination we could trace their outlines, that had been overthrown ages ago by some terrible convulsion of nature, who had rebelled at having such a weight on its surface, but only succeeded in demolishing the symmetrical structure, leaving the ruins alone to tell of their former existence. On gaining the summit where vast piles of rock are, we were surprised to find that some of them, weighing tons, were so evenly balanced, one upon the other, they could be rocked to and fro, but still it was impossible to topple them over. While admiring in silent awe, those wonders a noise behind startled us, and on turning we beheld the "pride of the forest," an immense buck, standing about seventy-five yards off, gazing at us in astonishment, as if surprised to find any of the descendants of "Mother Eve," in that wild and uncivilized spot. We gave him little time for reflection or any thing else, but fired at him immediately. He wheeled and plunged into the woods. We followed his trail, which we could do easily, as it was marked with blood; we shortly came upon him, lying full length upon the ground, and breathing his last. He was a magnificent four-pronged buck, and the reader can imagine how elated we were over our success. We hung him up after the manner of the hunters in that section of the country, which is as follows: A tall thin sapling is selected and trimmed, then two long props, forked at one end, are cut; the hind legs of the deer are tied together, then tied on securely to the top of the sapling, which is done by bending it down; the props then are used to gradually raise the sapling until it is in a perpendicular position, or as near that as possible, then it is securely braced in that position with the props, thus raising the deer several feet above the ground. The above process is resorted to when the person killing a deer has no way to convey it home with him, and is compelled to leave it, in order to get the requisite article (which is generally a horse,) to carry it to his home. A deer found suspended in this manner, is considered sacred, and no one will molest it.

After making the deer secure to the sapling, we pushed deeper into the forest. Now and then the ground squirrel would startle us with his peculiar screech, as he scampered off to his hole; then the sudden whirling of the pheasant, as he took his airy flight to safety, would cause a snap shot to be fired at him by us, and which resounded through and through the woods, awakening the echoes which danced from cliff to cliff until lost in the distance. We came upon a hickory tree, in which there were seven large fox squirrels; our approach had been so silent that they were unaware of our presence, until proclaimed by the discharge of my breech loader, and the sudden death of two of their number. The balance of them started in all directions, but before they reached their holes, we succeeded in bagging six out of the seven.

Reaching a very high peak in the distance, we determined to explore it for game the following day, and as it was near sunset, we determined to return to the house, procure a horse, and bring our venison home, which we did. We skinned and quartered it that night by a big fire, built for the double purpose of keeping us warm, and furnishing us sufficient light to see by. After enjoying a smoking hot supper, and an hour at euchre afterwards, we sought our couch, fully satisfied with our first day's hunt. Washington, D. C.

Sunday Shooting.

RED OAK, IOWA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I am led to reply to Manitou's article in issue of CHICAGO FIELD, May 29, for the reason that I do not endorse his views as regards the taking of animal life, and further, the comparisons he made were not the expression of a writer that is thoroughly awake to our present state of liberty. He questions my motive in writing in favor of Sunday shooting, as follows: "I imagine Vidocq writes to ease his conscience of a load of guilt blackened by the smoke of powder burned on Sunday." Now, I am willing to allow his "imagination" full play as regards my motives; but I question if his arguments to which I shall refer later on, are logical, or will bear a close scrutiny by matter-of-fact readers.

Logical deductions are demanded if a writer undertakes to advance a theory that is in direct opposition to the general belief on the subject considered. Vague fancy, expressed in flowery language, will do the readers of the CHICAGO FIELD but little good. Such a writer is Manitou. And while I respect his opinions, I think his ideas practically absurd. "He likens all men who hunt and fish to the crude animal of past ages, called man; whose thirst for blood was maddening, and who delighted in extinguishing the life he could not relight, thus going into darkness impenetrable and self-made."

Is it possible that the sportsmen of America have not advanced from the crude condition of the savage, contemporary with the "cave bear?" Or is the desire for the pleasures of the hunt induced through a "maddening thirst for blood?" Are not the incidents connected with a hunting trip, the freedom of the woods and prairies, the intercourse with nature, and a thousand other pleasures the incentive to the hunter? And were not "All things created for man's use?" Have not the forces of nature given man the highest intelligence, and produced all animal life inferior to him? Nature has given man the power to satisfy his desires, and if given this power, it is but following out that intended in the economy of nature, to shoot and fish at pleasure. For is not man benefitted morally, physically, mentally?

The pleasure of a hunt to a true sportsman ranks all field sports, and is not a high and pure order of enjoyment?

Manitou says: "Copying from the higher spheres of animated life we do not see life blotted out wantonly, and without a high purpose." What higher sphere of life does he see to copy from than man? What species of life is it that presents this example to mankind? Man preserves the lower orders of life only to benefit himself, and to produce in the lower life a higher mercantile value, and the object is man's benefit, profit, and pleasure. I can scarcely think the average sportsman will follow Manitou so far into the realm of fancy as to think it wrong to kill game.

The theory that the lower orders of life were created for a higher purpose than man's use is wrong. The strongest control and blot out the weak in the animal kingdom, only the fittest survive, and nature has produced this result, and who can question but that it is a necessity?

There are certain savage tribes who hold sacred the lives of some species of lower animals, and believe them possessed of supernatural powers, and designed by the Creator to carry out certain missions. But I believe civilized nations are not burdened with this kind of superstition, and recognize all lower orders of life as being made for man and subservient to his will.

Can it be true that the followers of Tyndall, Darwin, Huxley, Paley and Ingersoll are retrograding? Or that they have not traversed the distance from the region of destruction to the spirit of good-will? Do they contemplate the woods of Wisconsin by week day as well as "Sunday shooting," caring nothing for law, civil or divine, not even regarding the rights of the lower animals? I think not; and such an interpretation of their actions and motives does not place Manitou among the liberal and advanced thinkers of the age, whether Christian, Jew, or infidel. "The lines of the sportsmen are cast in pleasant places, and they indeed are the blessed of earth." Would Manitou take a day with dog and gun in the happy, golden, Autumn time, when the forests are sending down their leaflet showers of gold and brown—one of those quiet, "Indian Summer" days, when naught but the music of Bob White and the "honk" of the wild geese is heard, I think he would forget his regard for the birds and beasts, and partake of the glorious sport—and perhaps would "see the game as others see it."

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have read with interest the different views of your correspondents as regards Sunday shooting.

As it is a very difficult matter to draw the line correctly between right and wrong, I will not discuss that part of Sunday shooting, but will give my experience, first asking a few questions from those saintly few who oppose Sunday shooting:

First, What would you have a man do on Sunday?

Second, What constitutes breaking the Lord's day?

Third, Why is it that Eastern men oppose Sunday shooting more than Western and Southern men?

Now, for my experience: My home is three miles from Kansas City, and about the same distance from the mighty Missouri and half a mile from the Big Blue. In the Fall and Spring plumed grouse a light on the trees in our yard on their regular migrations; wild geese, brants, and sand-hill cranes can be seen and heard during the Winter, and frequently geese light in the neighboring fields; quails and rabbits are abundant.

What has this to do with Sunday shooting? We will resume and see.

My business is such that I work every other Sunday; not half day work, but a full, busy day, from seven a. m. to eleven p. m.; and this, year in and year out. Do I commit a sin working on Sunday? If I do, what shall I do the Sunday I don't work? Of course I get a few days out for shooting, etc.; but what is that to an ardent sportsman, living as I do, with game so convenient and gun and dog at hand.

I enjoy and feel better by spending my Sundays with dog and gun or rowing and fishing, and as long as I work on Sundays I will fish and shoot Sundays. I believe man has a right to spend his Sundays as he pleases, providing he does not injure himself or neighbors.

Some of your readers may consider me a hard case, and exclaim,

He lives way "out West,"
Where many heathens dwell,
Who never read the Bible,
Or hear the Sabbath bell.

If any think so let them but come to Kansas City, and we will try and convert them.

Five out of Eight.

BY ONEIDA.

When I told you last night about my first double on snipes, did I tell you afterwards of my best shot at ducks, when only a boy? "No." Well, here goes then; and, let me tell you, it is truth, and no mere "yarn" spun from imagination. Although in itself it was not a remarkable feat, yet strange as it may seem, and with all my after experience at Barnegat, and other duck resorts, I have never at one single shot done so well on ducks since; though I have, of course, seen others do much better in some instances. It was before I had learned to shoot any on the wing, to speak of, and I was naturally on the lookout for all the sitting shots at game I could get. From the nature of things, I was thus, of course, confined to such game as would give me such chances, and this confined me to hares, doves, and wild ducks. Many a "bunny" lost his nose, and one or two were very occasionally, killed on the jump; but when ducks were about in Spring and Autumn, my time and attention were chiefly devoted to them. Except on Sundays, I was always on the watch; and as I lived near a large creek that emptied into the river, forming part of our state boundary line, from daylight to dark, through wind, storm or sunshine, you could always find me either on the stream itself, or creeping like a cat along its banks. On either side of the creek stretched wide meadows, and on the breaking up of winter, and from the consequent rise of both creek and river from melting snows, and long easterly storms, these meadows would be flooded for miles on either side. At such times it was good feeding and nesting grounds for ducks on their vernal migration, and very many were then, and still are, killed by the regular market gunners. Of course, they were always fitted out with heavy guns, light batteaux, and plenty of decoys; but I had none of these. Only a light gun, but little skill in shooting, and an awkward, open scow boat were at my command. What was worse, I lacked experience "in the ways that are dark" of the ducks, but, although thus heavily handicapped, I made up for much of this loss by a great deal of boyish zeal, and determination to succeed. Our next neighbor, through whose farm the creek ran, who at all times gave me liberty to shoot on his place, owned the scow; and as he never cared to use it, kindly placed it at my disposal. He raised a large number of common ducks every year, and these ducks spent the most of their time on the creek. By occasionally feeding them myself, I got them to recognize me, and always let me approach them closely when I killed several in this way. But I could never get a chance at a flock, or to kill more than one, though that was what my ambition pointed to.

At last there came a big Spring-rise in the river and creek, covering the meadows more than usual; and at the same time a heavy flight of ducks came on from the South. If I remember rightly, it was about the middle of April, and the weather being warm, millions of insects of various kinds were driven out of the grass and set adrift, making a very inviting spread for the ducks, who were not slow to take due advantage of it. On the very first morning of this flood I was at the creek side, bright and early; indeed, a little too early, for the fowl had hardly discovered the feed that was awaiting them; but at last I saw a small bunch of eight pitch down onto the far side of a flooded meadow on the other side of the creek. Fortunately the meadow was bordered by a fringe of willows giving me some chance of getting within shot, but as I did not then know how to either paddle or scull a boat, and was thus restricted to rowing, it was a rather ticklish matter. "Nothing venture, nothing win" being my motto, I concluded to try it. So getting into the scow, and making my dog lie close in the bow, I started. You may be sure I handled those oars carefully, for here was a chance I had never had before. If I was only careful and took time, I might, perhaps, kill two or three ducks on the water, and, by great good luck another as they arose. Though I marked the place well, and had less than three hundred yards to go, yet it took me a good half

hour. A long half hour it seemed too, for I could hear shots fired by other parties farther down the creek; and what if some of those sneaking market shooters had marked down this flock? If so, I knew there was a chance of their getting the best of me. At last I reached the place, but on looking through the willows, no ducks were there. I knew they had not flown off, or I should have seen them; where, then, could they be? Just then I heard the "quack, quack," of the tame ducks back near the boat landing and it occurred to me the wild ones might have swam over to them.

Back again I started, fearing every moment to hear the crack of a heavy gun near me, for I saw one of the regular gunners not far off, and seeming to watch my motions. I had got about half way back and was keeping my boat close under the willows, when "thump, thump," went my dog's tail on the boat's bottom; turning my head to quiet him with a word, I saw him looking steadily through the hedge, and my glance following his, there I saw, not a boat's length from me, the ducks I was in search of. They were very busy with the insects. Six baldpates, and two sprigtails: a drake and a duck. None of them had seen me, but the drake sprigtail which sat farthest off seemed to be suspicious, and on the watch. There was no time to lose, and I dared not lift my gun to my shoulder, but must shoot from the hip. Just then the duck sprigtail caught a large insect and four of the baldpates swam hastily up to rob her. Here was my chance, and as they all drew together, I aimed by guess, and with one eye on the old drake sprigtail, I pulled the trigger. As the report sounded, I raised my gun to cover that drake, but he was too cunning for me, and rose through a thick tall tree, and I could not get a shot. I did not know how many I had killed, but I could see two dead, and hear another flapping. I did not wait to load my gun, but set my dog to retrieving. One after another were brought, till five laid in the boat.

Need I say how much like a veteran I felt! O! how bright the morning seemed, and I think—in my imagination—several inches were added to my height, then and there. I looked for no more ducks that day; I had done enough; and I carried my ducks home tied round my waist that they might show to the best advantage.

Minnesota Ramblings.—No. 1.

BY ECHO.

Six miles from La Crosse, Wis., on the line of the Southern Minnesota division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, is one of the most pleasantly located little towns in the whole West, having some twelve hundred inhabitants, a railroad population principally, and situated on a crescent shaped plateau surrounded on all sides by densely wooded or rock-crowned bluffs, line after line, and chain after chain. On the south lies a beautiful little lake, a perfect gem, with waters as clear as crystal and pure as distilled dew, fed by innumerable springs bubbling from its rocky shores, its depths abounding in bass and muskellonge. Root river, a small but rapid stream rising on the borders of the great prairies seventy-five miles to the westward, courses along the northern boundary of the town, rushing on to mingle its waters with those of the Father of Waters a dozen miles distant. Tributary to both lake and river are numerous small brooks, abounding in trout and furnishing excellent sport, and this together with that found in lake and river, lends many a charm to the locality in the eyes of a sportsman.

Such we found Hokah to be after passing a week among the joys of its excellent bass and trout fishing. Board was found at a private house at reasonable rates with the best of accommodations; boats were to be had for the asking, and minnows for bait obtainable almost equally as cheap; our cup of happiness was full—nothing was wanting.

Como, as the lake is called, is a sheet of water some two miles in length, lying between high and picturesque banks, with waters of that clearness which reflects every changing shade and varying tint of its emerald-crowned setting. The sport was found to be fine, the specimens of bass taken being large and fighting gamely, taking a minnow ravenously although paying no attention whatever to a fly, various varieties being tried successively without success. At the upper or western end of the lake, several small streams find an outlet and the waters of these were found to contain sufficient trout and of a suitable size to make a day spent in whipping them to their sources a "joy forever."

Near the head waters of one of these brooks we had the pleasure of meeting a party of three gentlemen from Davenport, Iowa, who were encamped there enjoying the scenery and passing the time in alternating between handling their rods and lounging in the shade. These gentlemen informed your correspondent that they were in the habit of making annual visits to this vicinity, passing several weeks each season in fishing and shooting, sometimes occupying quarters at private houses in the village and again living in the open air. This party left Davenport about a week prior to our meeting and were daily expecting the arrival of another party, of a dozen relatives and friends. Seven gentlemen from Chicago and two parties of La Crosse people will also pass some weeks here.

In this delightful locality we passed a week most pleasantly, passing the time in rowing, driving or enjoying the beautiful views of woods, hills, river and lake, afforded by an ascent of some of the neighboring bluffs. The outlook from one point was particularly grand and striking; after a half hour's struggle up the almost perpendicular sides of Mt. Tom, rearing its bald head five hundred feet above the town, the weary toiler is greeted by a landscape which would put to blush many a Catskill or Hudson scene. Root river, winding in and out of its cover of green, like the writhings and twistings of a wounded serpent; Como, with its miniature white cape, changed from white to gold by the tints of the setting sun; woods and bluffs, and in the distance a chance shimmer of the great Mississippi; the town nestling close at the foot of Mount Tom, standing like a grim sentinel; all adding to the beauty of the picture.

Before taking our departure we met and formed pleasant acquaintances with a number of the residents of the village, all of whom are willing and anxious to do all in their power to add to the pleasure and comfort of strangers.

To those wishing to pass a week or a month in a quiet spot, where sport, both with the rod and gun, may be found, we would say, Go to Hokah. Mr. W. D. Grigor, of the *Herald*, or Mr. John Gray, a true disciple of old Isaac, will cheerfully answer inquiries.

The Imported Quail.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—All the leading papers, and I am glad of the general interest here, have published the following "card," written by C. D. of the "Cuvier Club." As I have to my knowledge never seen a description of this bird in the columns of the CHICAGO FIELD I send you this clipped article for the benefit of your readers that have never seen it. Not one out of 100 birds shipped has been lost.

"To-day the Cuvier Club will liberate, in the vicinity of this city, two hundred *Meleagris quail* (*Coturnix coturnix*), and it is earnestly hoped that all persons will protect, and do all in their power to encourage these desirable and new additions to our avian

fauna. A description of the bird is as follows: In size it is about one-half as large as the European partridge (*Perdix cinerea*), and three-fifths as large as our 'quail' (partridge) (*Oryz virginianus*). It is very compactly built, with great speed in running, and long-continued flight, enabling it to cross large bodies of water in migration. The bill is longer and more slender than in our *Oryz virginianus*, the color is brown, of light and dark shades, striped with reddish yellow on the upper parts of the body; the head is darker than the back, the throat reddish brown, and the region of the crop reddish-yellow; a pale yellowish line passes from the base of the upper mandible over the eye and down the sides of the neck across the throat, where it is banded by two narrow, dark brown lines. The blackish-brown primary quills are spotted with reddish-yellow in such a manner as to form stripes. The first quill has also a narrow yellow border. The reddish-yellow tail feathers have white shafts, and are spotted with black at their edges. The length is seven and a half inches, and expanse of wing thirteen inches, the tail one and three-quarter inches long. This is the male. The female has all these colors comparatively indistinct. The bird is very hardy. These have been three months in the packing boxes, and none have been lost. All seem to be in vigorous condition. As a food bird it is excellent, and in Europe it is esteemed a great delicacy. It lays well before the dog and gives fine sport to the sportsman; and he who kills them on the wing must be quick and true. The species is very prolific, and under favorable conditions it is expected they will become one of the bird features of this locality. The nest is made on the ground, like the partridge, in which fourteen or fifteen eggs are deposited. This is the first of a series of importations of game-birds that the club proposes to liberate in this locality. The club will also continue introducing the desirable species of fish into our depopulated streams, for the public good. Therefore, give them a chance."

WICK.

A Narrow Escape.

BY COQUINA.

In the Fall of '73 I was hunting black-tail deer in the Rocky Mountains with a party of friends from Omaha. We left camp one morning at sunrise, and after going about two miles separated, each selecting his own route with the understanding, however, that we were to take our stands as near the point at which we then stood, as the lay of the land would admit of. The dogs were put out at the same time.

I started up a narrow canyon, both sides of which were almost perpendicular, and which was not more than thirty yards wide at its base. The walls were of red sandstone, nearly two hundred feet high, and presented a rugged, picturesque appearance. I walked leisurely along, my mind wholly occupied with the beauty and grandeur of the scene, and totally unmindful of the distance I had traversed, until I reached the head of the canyon, and here pausing and looking at my watch I saw that it was more than an hour since I had left my companions, that I was at least two miles from our starting point, and probably about that distance from any other member of the party. Just at this instant I heard the dogs give mouth and in a moment more heard a shot, though by reason of the great distance both sounds came to me but faintly. I selected a comfortable position by a large rock and sat down to rest and await any further developments. I hoped, of course, that having now obtained a slightly look-out, I might be favored with a shot. I waited long and anxiously for the hounds to renew their music but the welcome sound came not. All was silent as the grave. At length my interest in the sport subsided. I meditated. Then I succumbed to the effects of the balmy mountain air and the mild September sun and gradually fell asleep. I may have slept an hour, perhaps more, when on the rocks at my very feet I heard a clanking as of heavy chains. I started up and was horror-stricken to see that there, within six feet of me stood a huge grizzly bear, and that to one of his fore feet hung a powerful steel trap, which with the clog attached, he had dragged from the vicinity of our camp, where we had set it and several others for wolves. His legs and belly were all besmeared with his own blood; the froth was dripping from his mouth, and his eyes glared like balls of fire as he reared upon his haunches to strike me to the earth. With a convulsive and half-conscious movement I caught up my rifle and without attempting to aim, fired in the direction of the huge monster. Through the cloud of smoke that ensued I saw a large black spot on his breast where the fire from the discharge had burned the hair away. I dropped my rifle and clutched my knife, but at this instant a terrible blow on my shoulder sent me prostrate and insensible upon the ground. An instant later I felt my left arm crushed as if in a vice and the flesh torn from it as if by the strength of a giant. By an almost superhuman effort I rose upon my knees, still clutching my knife, and with a thrust, such as only the desperation of a dying man can render possible, disemboweled the terrible creature, opening his abdomen almost its entire length. He staggered, fell, rolled a little way down the hill, and expired.

Then, weakened as I was from pain and loss of blood, I swooned away. Another lapse of time, of the length of which, I have little knowledge. Presently, however, I regained consciousness. I opened my eyes; I still grasped my knife firmly in my right hand. My rifle lay by my side. I picked it up opened the breech and to my astonishment found a loaded cartridge in it. I then felt for my left arm; it was there and as sound as ever it was! I then looked for the bear, but he was nowhere to be seen. The truth then gradually dawned upon me, that like many of the hair-breadth escapes we read of, it was all a dream.

Reminiscences of a Visit to Colorado Springs.

Drs MOINES, IA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I intended to have written you again while I was yet in Colorado, but circumstances turned me homeward, and since my return I have been too busy with our state tournament matters and other duties to get at the work. I must however say a word, in acknowledgment. Game is not plenty in the portions of Colorado that I visited, and it is now the off season. I spent most of my time West at Colorado Springs, and had a pleasant shoot with Dr. Sanford, formerly of Keokuk. We got a few ducks, plovers, etc., a lean bag, however, for Hawkeye crabs, but I must acknowledge the great kindness shown me by Dr. Sanford, by Mr. Turney, Dr. Davis, Mr. Church, Mr. Shepherd, Messrs. Bacon and Brown, the National Hotel and others. Dr. Sanford keeps a good setter. Mr. Turney has a brace of fine young greyhounds—dogs. Mr. Shepherd has the finest greyhound bitch that I have seen recently, and two or three of her whelps, very fine. Mr. I. Bacon has a brace—dog and bitch—same breed, hard to pass, rather the "boas" brace. Mr. Brown has a fine pup, and Mr. Church a kennel of the non-sporting dogs. Mr. Shepherd and Messrs. Bacon and Brown keep some fine steppers, accustomed to the service, and the National is the place to stop at.

Col. Bacon breeds and keeps a few trotters of no mean order. He took me a drive, a lively whirl behind his five-year-old sorrel, Bashaw—Hambletonian Charley, and a fair mate for him. This colt is very pretty and promising, has now a gait of 2:35 or 2:40,

and bids fair to go to the front. We drove to Glen Eyre, the Garden of the Gods, Manitou, and up Ute Pass to Rainbow Falls, stopping to view the grand mountain scenery, the celebrated Iron Mountain Springs, Soda Springs, etc., and returned by Old Colorado City. This is a beautiful drive in the mountains, on a road always good, and for the distance, about twenty miles the round trip, it affords the grandest and greatest variety of mountain scenery of any similar drive in America. I shall not attempt a description of this scenery. It is not in the line of sportsman's news. Pike's Peak, the great inter-oceanic light-house of the mountains and the plains, wearing perpetually its snowy cap, is the crowning object, continually in view. The scenery of Glen Eyre, the Garden of the Gods, etc., shows some of the strata of the earth's crust turned up on edge, with their great rocks protruding, for the examination of the geologist, and the admiration of tourists, and invalid visitors who frequent these great medical springs.

I went through the museums at the different places where I stopped, and saw many rare and valuable specimens. Among them a brace of Cinnamon teals, a rare and beautiful variety of the teal family, prepared and mounted by Mr. Rudolph Barchardt of Denver, in very good style. In fact his specimens in natural history were better mounted than I found elsewhere on my trip.

ELAND.

A Model Game Protectionist.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Not being a subscriber to your paper, but having a sportsman's nature, and feeling interested in the protection of our quails, allow me a small space. I will tell you what I saw while visiting Mr. H. H. Malock, in eastern Tennessee. It was new to me, and perhaps will be to many of your readers. His clover fields were just ready to cut, and before his mower went in, Mr. Malock took his thirteen months old Gladstone—Buck Jr. pup and located seven setting quails in a twenty-acre lot. Each nest was staked off in a diamond shape, six by twelve feet, which gave space enough not to disturb the birds. How many are there who have done likewise? Gentlemen, hold up your hands. Does such action indicate that the sportsman belongs to a worthless, heartless and non-producing class of society, as some of our honest but mistaken neighbors are fain to believe?

EXPRESS CHARLIE.

Notes.

LACON, ILL., June 8, 1880.—A party of three of us shot three wolves yesterday, a bitch and two half-grown pups. Their den was within a mile of our village, and six yards from the public road, in an open field. This is a little queer in as old a settled region as this.

D. B. W.

CHATHAM, ONT.—We have received two hundred European quails, which we turned out on a preserve; only one of the two hundred died on the way.

W. B. W.

LAKE CITY, MINN.—The fear exists here that the recent storms have destroyed the young prairie chickens and woodcocks. We are flooded with water.

S. B. D.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—The sportsmen of Springfield, Ill., have at last organized a shooting club, under the title of the Floral City Shooting Club.

J. F. I.

VIRGINIA, NEV., June 8, 1880.—Dove shooting is fine; bags of from twenty to fifty to the gun are of daily occurrence.

PILLS.

Miscellaneous.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

BY D. H. E.

CHAPTER X.

Monday the wind freshened some, and we shook out reefs, and set all sail but the royal, light staysails and gaff-topails.

After breakfast we tacked ship, a job requiring all hands, and taking some time. At 5 p. m. we tacked again, heading west by south to west northwest. The sea by this time was much smoother, and the wind lighter, and blowing from all directions making it an impossibility to keep the vessel "close to the wind" as the order was.

The next day much the same, wind light and baffling. Tacked in the morning watch, heading northwest to north by west. About 10 o'clock the wind increased, and we furled royal and topails, which had been set during the night.

At 1 p. m. sighted Mobile lighthouse, and a pilot boat spoke us, but learning our destination kept off again in the direction of two sails which were in sight astern.

Tacked at 2:30 p. m., again at 4, and still again at 5 o'clock, heading northwest and south on the different tacks. At midnight the wind had increased to a gale; top-gallant and middle-stay sails were furled, and the watch ordered to "be ready for a call," which means turning in with all your clothes and boots on.

On Wednesday the wind was unsteady, at times fresh, and then light. Tacked ship a number of times, apparently for no other reason than to keep all hands at work.

The old man paced back and forth on the cabin, every few minutes asking "How's she heading?" Then he'd take a walk forward, look up at the sails, come aft, and exclaim, "Keep her straight, Jack!" Another turn on the cabin, and, "That wake ain't very straight, Jack!" Two turns, and "Can't you keep her up to the wind? put your wheel down! now then, meet her, meet her! don't you see she's coming up? You'll have her all aback! dear! dear!" and off he'd start on his walk as fast as possible. In a few minutes he'd stop, take a look at the sails, come aft, take a look at the compass, and with a final "keep her as close as she'll go," would go down the after companion, light a pipe, and reappear at the forward companion, where he'd stand a short while, and then resume his tramp.

A stevedore from Pascagoula boarded us in the first dog-watch in hopes of getting a job, and under his direction, with all sail set but the gaff-topails and a fresh breeze, we headed toward the land, anchoring outside the light about 11 o'clock, after which we clewed up the sails, furled top-sails and then "turned flukes," which is whaler for turning in.

At half past seven in the morning the pilot, an old, withered-up specimen of humanity, came on board, and we hove up anchor, set sail and beat in to our anchorage, where we let go the port anchor about 1 o'clock.

The rest of the day until after dark, was spent furling sails, and clearing the hold of spare sails, dunnage, water casks, etc. The village was about six miles away, hidden from sight, with the exception of one or two large buildings, by the trees which seemingly grew down to the very edge of the water.

Friday was clear and warm and most of the day was spent in mooring the vessel.

In loading vessels with lumber, it is necessary that they should

be stationary and not at liberty to change their position with the shifting tide or wind. This is effected by having one end forward and one aft. The former is easily managed, all that is necessary being to let the cable go and pay out the requisite number of fathoms of chain. The latter is a longer and much more laborious job.

Got up a new manila hawser, and ran one end out through port after chock, taking it way forward and bending it to the chain close to the hawse pipe. Made a small line fast to the hawser, took it to the capstan and hove away, paying out on the chain at the same time. At last, when we had paid out sixty fathoms of chain, we had brought the stern round to the anchor, and the chain just out of the water. The other end of the hawser was then taken out through the starboard chocks, made fast to the chain and hove taut, bringing the chain to bear in the center of the stern. Bight the chain along the side fore and aft to keep it out of the water, and spent the small portion of the day still remaining, cleaning out the hold.

Two lighters of lumber for us were at the mouth of the river awaiting an opportunity to cross the bar, which could be done only at high water. That night one of them crossed the bar and early in the morning we were called out to take the lighter under the bow.

These lighters are large, flat-bottomed scows, decked over. At one end is a windlass for heaving up the anchors with which each is provided, and at the other is a small cabin used as sleeping place for the crew, generally consisting of two men or a man and boy. Each lighter is provided with a pump, and the crew often spend a good portion of their time trying to keep their craft clear of water.

The lumber is piled across their deck, from sixty to eighty thousand feet being a load, and as soon as the bar can be crossed they are towed out by a steamer and anchor near the vessel. Their cargo weighs them down so that the deck is but a few inches above water.

In rough weather the seas wash over them continually and occasionally one drags her anchor, or the chain is broken by the repeated jerks upon it, and away goes the lighter to be carried out into the gulf, or driven on the bars at the entrance of the harbor. Or, if nothing so bad as this happens to them, they roll and pitch at their anchorage, taking over water in such quantities that cooking at the open fire-place on deck is impossible, and finally dump their load into the sea, where it is soon scattered far and wide.

When taking in lumber through the bow ports, the lighter is moored across the bow and men hired for the purpose, shove the lumber in at the ports where it is taken by the stevedores who are divided into two gangs each, under a foreman, who loads his side of the vessel as he pleases.

Wages were good; men in the hold getting \$5, on the lighter \$3 a day, the captain of the lighter \$35, and his crew, \$15 to \$20 a month.

The first day's loading was a hard one. The lumber was large and heavy and after lugging it all day, we were glad to get our supper, take a smoke and crawl into our bunks.

The next day we were up early and washed the decks. The wind was blowing fresh from the outside, and we slackened out a little chain. All night it blew and rained hard, and the morning was no better. We tried to load, but were forced to quit about eleven o'clock, the sea being so heavy that the lighter hauled off and anchored. The old man was terribly anxious to get loaded, however, and after dinner we got to work at it again, but had to give up for the day at two o'clock as the seas were breaking completely over the lighter.

During the night one of the lighters drifted two or three miles away, and the steamer was obliged to go after her.

Tuesday was pleasant and cold. At about 11:30 o'clock the sea had gone down, so that we got the lighter under the bows once more and worked until night. Before a sign of day could be seen in the eastern sky, we were routed out, and got the lighter under the bow before breakfast, which being hastily finished, we began a hard day's work.

For several days the weather was rainy with more or less wind, one day the rain stopping our work in the morning.

About nine o'clock in the evening of Saturday, all hands were called to furl the spanker, which had blown off the cabin, where it was rolled up, into the water.

Sunday was pleasant, but cold, with a stiff breeze. Two square rigged vessels came in, and that was all that broke the monotony. In sight of land, in port, and not able to step ashore; better be a thousand miles at sea.

Information Wanted.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—Will you oblige me if you can with the pedigree in full of Gldersleeve's Nellie? If you cannot, perhaps some of your numerous readers can. If either you or any of them can, I shall consider myself deeply indebted for the same.

CORRESPONDENT.

DETROIT, MICH.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—You can give Geo. L. Houghton the name of Jas. G. Portman, Pokagon, Mich., as one who is engaged in trout culture, and has been for several years.

A. J. KELLOGG.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—Can you tell me in your paper, where a man that has got but little money can get fair fishing not too far from the city, and where hotel rates are within bounds?

READER.

Books Received.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The contents for July are: The Stillwater Tragedy—XIV-XVII, Thomas Bailey Aldrich; The Saffron Fly, A Legend of Brittany, Rose Terry Cooke; Incidents of the Capture of Richmond, George F. Shepley; Brown's Retreat, Anna Eichberg; Passing, Alice Williams Brotherton; Wintering on Aëna, S. P. Langley; Unfulfilled, Frances Louisa Bushnell; A French Comic Dramatist, J. Brander Matthews; Confederation in Canada, Frederic G. Mather; Reminiscences of Washington—V, The Van Buren Administration, 1837-1841; Records of W. M. Hunt—IV, Henry C. Angell; The Undiscovered Country—XXIII-XXVIII, W. D. Howells; King Lear, Second Article; Plot and Personage, Richard Grant White; Some Recent Novels; American Colonial History; Scherer's Diderot; Literature for Schools; Mind in the Lower Animals; The Contributors' Club.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—The July—midsummer—number, beginning the new volume, is now ready. It contains: The Palace of the Leatherstocking, by Margaret Bertha Wright, illustrated; Shelley by J. B. Tabb; Paradise Plantation, by Louise Seymour Houghton, illustrated; Through the Yellowstone Park to Fort Custer, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; Adam and Eve, a novel, by the author of "Dorothy Fox"; On the Skunk River, by Louise Coffin Jones; A Forgotten American Worthy, by Charles Burr Todd; Teresa Di Faenza, by Emma Lazarus; Piplatello, a story, by "Ouida"; Studies in the Slime, No. 3, Nan, or A Girl's Life, by Helen Campbell; My Treasure, by H. L. Leonard; On Spelling Reform, by M. B. C. True; An Open Look at the Political Situation; Our Monthly Gossip; Literature of the Day.

FIVE CENT MUSIC.—Irving's Canadian series, Toronto News Co., Toronto, Canada. "Mollie Darling" is the first song on a catalogued and numbered list of 300 titles, which includes sacred, patriotic, sentimental, operatic and every description of vocal and instrumental music from "Baby Mine" to "Dublin Bay," and from "Where the Woodbine Twined" to "The Cottage by the Sea." Send five cents for "Don't Leave Grandmother Now She's Old," and you will receive a touching and pathetic song worth sixty cents, and a list of 300 others, equally good, from which to select. It is the cheapest music house in America.

Both these are silvery in color, but the latter much the more brilliant and it is considered a more attractive bait than *M. lineatus*. Both have one medial dorsal fin, and forked tail, have projecting eyes, and small toothless mouths. Both have a gizzard, like that of a fowl. I have set up hundreds of them for bait, and

have never found anything in the stomach or intestines except mud; on the small organisms found in this, they appear to feed, and they get very fat. Both species have the habit of leaping from the water, sometimes into passing boats, and both are preyed upon by most fishes, and many birds. I have never seen or heard of an instance of either of these species being taken with the hook, the cast net is the usual method of capture by the settlers. It does not seem to me probable that the silver mullet can be *Elops saurus*, which from your description is more like the lady fish, common in those waters in Summer, and which I had supposed to be *Aibula conorhynchus*.

My constant companion in fishing excursions at Musquito Inlet is B. C. Pacetti, a fisherman of 40 years' experience in those waters, and a very intelligent man. I mentioned the name of Mr. Pacetti lately to Prof. Baird as a proper person to collect fishes on that coast for the Institution, and he replied that he would supply Mr. P. with the necessary alcohol and vessels for that purpose. Should that be done, by writing to Mr. Pacetti you could procure specimens of these mullets, as well as the other species in question, and so be able to settle the point. Pacetti takes a great interest in ichthyology, and would exert himself to collect all the species of that coast, which in Summer, are very numerous, many tropical forms being there found." THEO. GILL.

The Oysters of the James.

The bottom of the James river is one enormous oyster-bed. A *Times* correspondent has just returned from a trip on an oyster-schooner up the James and back to the Chincoteague bay with a load of oyster plants. The schooner Dennis carries 4,000 bushels of corn, which gives her an oyster-carrying capacity of upwards of 2,500 bushels. She was chartered for the planting season by a firm of oyster-growers doing business here in Greenback, near Franklin, on the Chincoteague Bay. Franklin is the southern terminus of the Old Dominion Steamship Company's railroads, on the Peninsula. Greenback is situated a half mile to the south of Franklin. Nearly every man living in Franklin, and every one living in Greenback, depends on the oyster business for his support. Both of these villages have grown up since the war, Greenback being the older place. It was so named by an old oysterman, one of three or four who first planted in the bay in front of the place, and was so named because the first season's shipment of oysters returned to the oystermen such a rich reward in greenbacks. This was in 1865, and since then the quality of the oysters produced in this part of Chincoteague bay has been so generally good that they have made a favorable impression on European shippers. A firm is now located at Franklin to select and pack the oysters just as they come from the waters of the bay and ship them from Franklin to Europe. Several shipping firms have their oysters laid out in the bay on enormous sieves, each holding hundreds of bushels of oysters, and they lift them up and down by means of windlasses, so that the oysters, when shipped, possess all the life and vigor they have when first lifted from their native beds. But to the Dennis and to the "natural beds" of the James. Aving the first of the first favorable wind, the Dennis sailed from the port of Chincoteague about 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and by daylight of the next day was entering the mouth of the James river. The bottom of the river, from its mouth for 20 miles up it, is nothing more than a natural oyster-bed. Go anywhere in it you may and push to the bottom a pair of oyster-tongs, bring them together, and lift them out of the water, and you will catch oysters. These are the oysters selected by the growers for planting. The men who are engaged in catching plants, as all oysters from the natural beds are called, are principally colored, and they work with tongs having handles from fourteen to sixteen feet long. Dredging is prohibited in the James by the laws of Virginia. They are usually worked from small boats or canoes carrying from two to three men, and capable of holding from twenty to thirty bushels of oysters. These oystermen will each, when they work with their usual energy, catch from eight to ten bushels of "rough" oysters in an hour, which they sell to the planters, who come there for them from all oyster-planting points along the coast. The Fair Haven, the Blue Point, the Shrewsbury, the Saddle Rock oysters, all so popular in our markets, are in most cases, natives of Virginia waters transported from the natural beds in the rough and planted at the points enumerated above, where they are left to remain from eighteen months to two years, to drink the waters and enjoy the beds of those celebrated places, when they are lifted from their repose, grown to three and four times the size they were when planted, and partaking of the peculiar flavor imparted by the water of the bays and coves in which they have been planted. The New York oyster-eater fails to recognize in them anything akin to their brethren of the waters of the Old Dominion, and declares them to be Blue Points beyond a doubt.

While the bottom of the James river is one enormous oyster bed, yet, as dredging is not permitted, and as men cannot work the oyster-tongs in water more than ten or twelve feet deep, the amount of acreage of oyster-beds available to the oystermen of the James is somewhat limited, as the shores are all taken up as planting grounds, and the river in most places is too deep to be worked; and so the oystermen are confined to the shoals, or what are known in the river as oyster rocks. The shoal from which the Dennis was loaded extended over about 500 acres. And from off this shoal, on the day that she was loaded, not less than 10,000 bushels of plants were taken. To do this about 250 oystermen were employed, with about 100 boats. And this business of gathering plants had been going on from off the same shoal for upward of two months, with the probability that between 300,000 and 400,000 bushels of oysters have been gathered, and fully 200,000 bushels more will be taken away before the season ends, on May 20. This gives a yield of 1,000 bushels to the acre, and yet nowhere on all this shoal would it be possible to find a spot as large as a set of tongs will cover without oysters on it. The tongs are never pushed down and pulled back without bringing with them a number of oysters. In September the oystermen will begin work again on the same shoals, and work for three or four months catching plants; then, during the Winter, until the first of April, they are engaged in taking up, assorting, and selling the products of these plants. It seems as if the supply of oyster plants in the James river could never be exhausted, yet the oystermen say they are growing less and less each year; but if they are correct in this assertion it is difficult to conjecture in what abundance these oysters must have been when they were plenty.

To see the oystermen balancing themselves in one of their canoes, and working with so much energy at the same time, was quite a novelty. Many of these canoes are so narrow that should a novice step into one it would most probably be overturned; yet the oystermen work in them all day long in smooth weather, and sometimes in pretty stormy weather, and apparently keep them properly balanced without any effort. To propel them through the water they use a long paddle and, balancing it over the stern (the canoes, of course, are sharp at both ends), having no row-locks, and no indentation to aid them in keeping their paddle in place, they move them swiftly.

When the Dennis had secured 3,500 baskets—called by the courtesy of the oystermen half-bushel baskets, but really holding over two-thirds of a bushel—the Captain pronounced her loaded, and then all energy was used in getting under way, because the

sooner the plants are returned to the water after they are removed from their natural beds, the less will be the mortality among them. In thirty-six hours after leaving the James the Dennis let go her anchor on the planting-grounds off Greenback, and one day sufficed to place all her cargo on the beds staked out, and, by Virginia laws, made the private property of those who so marked them. They will be left to remain on these beds for upward of eighteen months, and, although many of those planted will die before the gathering time, yet it will be a poor return that will not give to the planter a bushel and a half for each bushel planted, and sometimes as high as three and four bushels have been gathered from each bushel of plants. These plants cost the planter in Virginia five cents per bushel, and about six cents to freight and, perhaps two cents to plant, making 2,500 bushels of plants cost but about \$300.

The cost of taking these oysters up and preparing them for market is about twenty cents per bushel, and as 2,500 bushels will almost always return 4,000 bushels, it will be seen at once that those planters who have favorable planting grounds have it always in their power to make their energy pay them a good profit. At no time for the past ten years have Chincoteague bay oysters sold, delivered on board of vessels in the bay, for less than fifty cents per bushel, and mostly for sixty cents. At the lower rate it will be seen that any one at Greenback possessed of a working capital of about \$1,000 can realize a profit (if he owns share privileges) of \$800 a year from it, with a chance of doing much better. Doubtless, such also is the case in all the bays and coves celebrated for their fine oysters, yet many places along the James and in the Chesapeake bay grow as fine-looking oysters as can be produced anywhere, and quite popular at home, that will not sell for enough to warrant the expense of planting.—*N. Y. Times*.

The Hermit Fisherman.

On the banks of a small lake in a dense wilderness, about thirty miles west of Memphis, lives an old man whose history is a most striking one. If well and truly written, it would read like a romance.

In early life he graduated at one of the best colleges in the South, read law, was admitted to the bar and opened an office in New Orleans. His brilliant talents, his marked oratorical powers, his ready wit and fine social qualities all combined to render him popular with the best citizens of his State. He soon built up a large practice and accumulated wealth accordingly.

He married an accomplished lady, and a family of bright, intelligent children grew up around him. He was frequently called to fill important political offices, and represented his State in two presidential conventions. At the beginning of the late war, he entered the confederate army, in command of a company, but rose step by step, until at its close he was in command of the regiment.

Soon after the close of the war, he located in Memphis, and engaged in banking business, in which he was also successful. He bought an island in the Mississippi river, a short distance above the city, upon which he built a costly residence, and for several years lived in all the luxury that a refined taste could suggest, and a princely fortune could secure. But in an evil moment he became addicted to strong drink. Convivial friends led him to the gaming table, and here fate was against him. His passion for gambling overcame his judgment, and the more he lost the larger sums did he stake, in the hope by a single lucky turn he might regain much that he had already lost. But that lucky turn never fell to his lot. He continued in his mad career, until all but his home was gone. This he mortgaged, (prevailing upon his wife to join in the execution of the mortgage) and staked the entire proceeds on a single turn of the wheel. He lost and his ruin was complete. His wife died of a broken heart and in due time he and his children were turned out of their elegant home, to battle with the world, penniless, almost paupers.

His children were at this time grown to man and womanhood and they sought homes in various states and cities. The old man located in the wilderness as already stated. I visited him there three years ago, and found him living in the most abject poverty. His home is a little log cabin, scarcely ten feet square, in one corner of which stands a rude bedstead, and on it is a dirty straw tick and a couple of dirty blankets. Near the center of the room stands an old stove, which with a couple of plain wooden chairs, completes the furniture of the home of this once wealthy and happy man.

All about the apartment is dirt and filth to a degree that would shock any one of a sensitive nature. Even the clothing that he wears is filthy. Yet, through all these offensive surroundings there shines forth the cultivated gentleman, the profound scholar, the able lawyer, the successful business man.

How sad it is that only the wreck of each now remains! He greeted us (Mr. H. and myself) most cordially when we entered his hut, and entertained us in the best manner that his resources would admit of. His conversation was that of the polished gentleman and frequently sparkled with gems of wit and learning such as one rarely hears in a hovel like this. He lives by catching and selling fish. He has a little negro boy who lives with him, and who carries the fish to the nearest settlement, a small railway station five miles distant, whence they are shipped to Memphis. He informed us that he caught but few fish, but that his wife brings few his income, although meager, was sufficient to meet them.

Whether the old man is now living or dead I know not, for when we were there he was very feeble. He was only able to walk with the aid of crutches and then with great difficulty. Should he be still in the land of the living and should this sketch meet his eye, I trust that nothing herein will cause him the least pain. It is not written for that purpose. Nor is it intended as a temperance lecture. Such is not the office of the *CHICAGO FIELD*. Still, if the story of the career of this unfortunate being may serve as a warning to others to avoid the course into which he strayed, why should it not be told here as well as elsewhere?

COQUINA.

The Pompano of California.

A fish is caught on the coast of California which is called by the fishermen "pompano" or "pompino" and like the homonymous species of our own eastern coast, is much esteemed as food. It has, however, no close affinity to the Pompano of our southern waters and the two belong even to different families. The eastern Pompano is a representative of the family Carangids and is known as the *Trachynotus carolinus*. The Pacific coast species is a member of the family of Stromateids, and its relationships are with the *Poronotus triacanthus*. Thus, the *Poronotus* is variously known as the butter fish (New York and Massachusetts), harvest fish (New Jersey), and dollarfish (Maine), to the fishermen of our coast. The Californian fish however, is not a *Poronotus*, but a true *Stromateus*, and its proper name is *Stromateus dimidiatus*. Mr. Lockington in his report on the food fishes of California has given some interesting details respecting it, which we here reproduce:

"*Stromateus dimidiatus*, Ayres, Pompino.—This species was first described by Dr. Ayres (Proceedings California Academy, vol. 2, page 84, figure on page 85) in December, 1860, and accompanied

by a tolerable outline figure. Dr. Ayres states that in the course of seven years he only saw three or four specimens; but this year at least it is far more abundant, as I have seen as many as thirty or forty on the same stall on many occasions. As with the other *Scomberoids*, the examples brought to this market are usually caught in Monterey bay, which appears to form the northern limit of many species of fishes, crustacea, and echinoderms. The Italian fishermen call this species 'pompino,' and this must be accepted, in the absence of any other, as its English name. I am informed that a fish called 'pompino,' on the Atlantic coast, is considered to be the most delicate of all fishes. This is *Trachynotus carolinus*, a very different species. Our 'pompino' is also highly prized as a delicate morsel, and is one of the dearest fishes in the market. This species has been more or less abundant throughout the whole of the winter and spring, but during part of the time the catch has been principally composed of very small individuals, not above three or four inches long, which certainly should not have been caught at all. Most of these small ones are, if I have been rightly informed, taken in this bay of San Francisco, to which this species is an occasional visitant, and the high price the species commands tempts the fishermen to catch all they can find. An adult pompino measures from eight to ten inches in length. This fish may be identified at once by the total absence of ventral fins, while its thin, broad oval body, bright steely color, and dorsal fin with only a single spine, are other conspicuous features. It is covered with rather small, smooth scales."

Mistakes of a "Crusher" of Evolution.

In the last number of the *Contemporary Review* (for May) is an article on "the Gospel of Evolution" by Dr. Elam, in which that gentleman again "crushes" the doctrine of evolution and exposes its supposed fallacies. The article in question abounds with misconceptions and misstatements but none are more ludicrously inaccurate than two that relate to fishes. In the course of the argument, occur the following statements.

"We cannot conceive that a minute pimple on the nose could give any animal 'an advantage' in the struggle for life; yet, if there be any truth in the doctrine now under discussion[,] such must have been the origin of the terrible weapon of the swordfish. The fishing-tackle of the *Lophius piscatorius* is equally insusceptible of explanation by this means, as its earliest rudiment must have been entirely useless. Can we conceive that a casually enlarged *Outaneous follicle* [*i. e.* pimple] can have promoted the viability of any individual or any race?"

It will be thus seen that Dr. Elam begins and ends substantially with the assertion that the sword of the swordfish and the cephalopods of the *Lophius* are comparable with a "pimple on the nose!" What must be thought of the competency and audacity of the man who, with such statements boldly and avowedly pits himself against Darwin, Huxley, and Haeckel? Probably most of the readers of these columns could correct him. Not only are not the sword of the swordfish and the "fishing-tackle of the *Lophius piscatorius*" developed from "a minute pimple on the nose" but they are each developed from entirely different parts.

The sword of the swordfish is the result of the fusion of the upper jaw bones and the anterior extension of the skull; the hypertrophy of the sympleysis and its extension forwards "is the origin of the terrible weapon" and it has nothing whatever to do with a "pimple on the nose." We are even prepared in some measure for this development by the structure of the jaws in the common mackerel and its relations, and can very readily trace the homology between the pointed jaws of the one and the sword of the other.

The "fishing-tackle of the *Lophius piscatorius*" is the result of (1) the forward trend of the dorsal spines and the corresponding interspersal bones and (2) a peculiar development of the membrane which is homologous with that in ordinary fishes connecting the spines. We find in the fishes allied to the *Lophius* numerous modifications of the homologous spines and membrane and in the bat-fish (*Malthe*) a still more extreme specialization of the corresponding parts.

There is, to say the least, a curious *non sequitur* in the proposition enunciated by Dr. Elam.

SHINING AT INDIAN RIVER INLET.—Marietta, Ga.—Editor *Chicago Field*:—In number two of "A Winter's Cruise in Eastern Florida," published in the *CHICAGO FIELD*, June 12, the writer mentions meeting at Indian River Inlet with the crew of a fishing schooner from Connecticut, who were seining there and taking from five to ten tons of fish per week to Savannah. Also that he was cautioned against them by Judge Paine, but found them a friendly set of fellows. The caution given by the judge was natural enough, since these men were violating a state statute, which forbids persons from outside the state from taking away fish or game for sale; a law which has become necessary on account of the wanton destruction of fish and game by northern butchers—they cannot be justly called sportsmen. When the writer was at Mosquito Inlet last Winter, this same schooner Lillian anchored outside and sent in her boats to seine for fish, and it was said stole one cargo, but the next time she came the people were captured and fined. Indian River Inlet being a thinly settled region is well suited for such depredations as Friar Tuck describes. If such are allowed, however, the coast of Florida will in time be as depleted of fish as those of the Northern States.

S. C. C.

Notes.

BOILED COD WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE.—Fish boiled in sea-water is properly cooked in sea-water, but as sea-water is not always obtainable, well-salted water is generally used. (1) After thoroughly washing the fish, put it over the fire in cold water, well salted, and bring it slowly to a boil; it will be done when the fins can be easily pulled out. (2) Set the pot off the fire and let the fish stand in the water in which it was boiled until it is wanted for use. (3) While the fish is boiling make the sauce according to the receipt below. (4) After the sauce is made take the fish upon a napkin, garnish it with some sprigs of parsley, and send it to the table with the sauce in a sauce-boat. *Hollandaise Sauce*.—Put one ounce of butter and one ounce of flour in a saucepan over the fire, and stir constantly until it bubbles, then add, gradually, one gill of boiling water, remove the sauce from the fire; stir the yolks of three eggs, one at a time; add one saltspoonful of dry mustard, one tablespoonful of vinegar and three of oil, gradually, drop by drop, stirring constantly till smooth. Serve it with the fish.—*Cooking-school Text-book, Juliet Corson*.

TYNER, Wis., January 20.—Trout fishing is good here now. George Wofele, Dick Peters and John Dawson caught seventeen pounds of trout this morning before breakfast. The outlook for spruce partridge shooting is very good; a great many young ones have been seen near here by our workmen; also two bears. I have been too busy to fish for trout much, but have had splendid luck whenever I have tried it. M. W. M.

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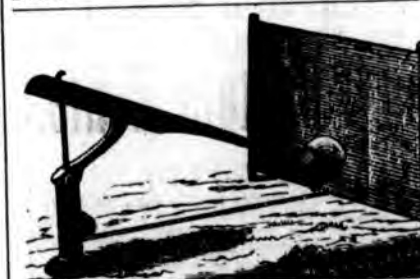
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